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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise; a Fragment.*  
By Charles Babbage, Esq. 8vo. pp. 240.  
London, 1837. Murray.

THE title prefixed to this book is, in our opinion, very objectionable. It is not a Bridgewater Treatise, nor like one, except in form and title; and we are disposed to quarrel with any author who hoists other colours than his own: nor could it be necessary in this case. No remarks coming from Mr. Babbage needed any trick of the trade to push them into popularity; his own high scientific reputation would, of itself, have attracted attention, and ensured respect, without the irregular appropriation of vicarious notoriety. However, having thus briefly and plainly noticed the transgression, we let it pass. The work contains some admirable arguments, tending to rebut the following charge, thrown out by Mr. Whewell, in his Treatise on Astronomy and General Physics.

"We may thus, with the greatest propriety, deny to the mechanical philosophers and mathematicians of recent times, any authority with regard to their views of the administration of the universe; we have no reason whatever to expect from their speculations any help, when we ascend to the First Cause and Supreme Ruler of the universe. But we might, perhaps, go further, and assert, that they are in some respects less likely than men employed in other pursuits, to make any clear advance towards such a subject of speculation."

Mr. Babbage steps forward as the ardent champion of the mechanical and mathematical philosophers. By several distinct illustrations, deduced from his own immediate discoveries in his calculating machine, he goes to demonstrate that the powers of mechanism, when put forth to their higher capabilities, become themselves accessories towards the interpretation of those cyclical alterations in the laws of nature, which, so long as they remain unexplained, seem to our limited vision to be violations of an ordained rule. But if we can instance in mechanism such regular changes, in obedience to some hidden law of the contriver, however distant the intervals may be at which such change takes place, assuredly the philosophy of mechanics has done much as an auxiliary towards throwing light upon, and supplying us with, practical illustrations of the more secret working of the machinery of the universe. At present, however, we must be content to leave the main argument, and offer only a few brief examples.

The following fragment on time, little as it goes to make good the title of the book to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, approaches the sublime:—

"Time and change are great, only with reference to the faculties of the beings which note them. The insect of an hour, which flutters, during its transient existence, in an atmosphere of perfume, would attribute unchanging duration to the beautiful flowers of the cistus, whose petals cover the dewy grass but a few hours after it has received the lifeless body of the gnat. These flowers, could they reflect, might contrast their transitory lives with the prolonged existence of their greener neighbours. The leaves themselves, counting their brief span by the lapse of a few moons, might regard as almost indefinitely extended, the duration of the

common parent of both leaf and flower. The lives of individual trees are lost in the continued destruction and renovation which take place in forest masses. Forests themselves, starved by the exhaustion of the soil, or consumed by fire, succeed each other in slow gradation. A forest of oaks waves its luxuriant branches over a spot which has been fertilised by the ashes of a forest of pines. These periods again merge into other and still longer cycles, during which the latest of a thousand forests sinks beneath the waves, from the gradual subsidence of its parent earth; or in which extensive inundations, by accumulating the silt of centuries, gradually convert the living trunks into their stony resemblances. Stratum upon stratum subsides in comminuted particles, and is accumulated in the depths of the ocean, whence they again arise, consolidated by pressure or by fire, to form the continents and mountains of a new creation. Such, in endless succession, is the history of the changes of the globe we dwell upon; and human observation, aided by human reason, has, as yet, discovered few signs of a beginning—no symptom of an end. Yet, in that more extended view which recognises our planet as one amongst the attendants of a certain luminary; that sun itself, the soul, as it were, of vegetable and animal existence, but an insignificant individual among its congeners of the milky way:—when we remember that that cloud of light, gleaming with its myriad systems, is but an isolated nebula amongst a countless host of rivals, which the starry firmament, surrounding us on all sides, presents to us in every varied form: some as uncondensed masses of attenuated light; some as having, in obedience to attractive forces, assumed a spherical figure; others, as if further advanced in the history of their fate, having a denser central nucleus surrounded by a more diluted light, spreading into such vast spaces, that the whole of our own nebula would be lost in it: others there are, in which the apparently unformed and irregular mass of nebulous light is just curdling, as it were, into separate systems; whilst many present a congeries of distinct points of light, each, perhaps, the separate luminary of a creation more glorious than our own. When the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even that comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity."

The following subject is also beautifully carried out by Mr. Babbage.

"The principle of the equality of action and reaction, when traced through all its consequences, opens views which will appear to many persons most unexpected. The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighbourhood of the speaker, and at the immediate mo-

ment of utterance, their quickly attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. The motions they have impressed on the particles of one portion of our atmosphere, are communicated to constantly increasing numbers; but the quantity of motion measured in the same direction receives no addition. Each atom loses as much as it gives, and regains again from others, portions of those motions which they in turn give up. The waves of air thus raised, perambulate the earth and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence. But these aerial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ear, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason; and, in some few and limited instances, by calling to our aid the most refined and comprehensive instrument of human thought, their courses are traced, and their intensities are measured. If man enjoyed larger command over mathematical analysis, his knowledge of these motions would be more extensive; but a being possessed of the unbounded knowledge of that science would trace every the minutest consequences of that primary impulse. Such a being, however far exalted above our race, would yet be immeasurably below even our conception of infinite intelligence; yet, by him, supposing the original conditions of each atom of the atmosphere, as well as all the extraneous causes acting upon it, to be given, its future and inevitable path would be clearly traced; and supposing the interference, also, of no new causes, the circumstances of the future history of the whole of the earth's atmosphere would be distinctly seen, and might be absolutely predicted for any even the remotest point of time. Let us imagine a being, invested with such knowledge, to arrive at the predicted moment. If any the slightest deviation exists, he will immediately read in its existence the action of a new cause; and, through the aid of the same analysis, tracing this discordance back to its source, he would become aware of the time of its commencement, and the point of space at which it originated. Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom, impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined with it in ten thousand ways, with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest, as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will. But if the air we breathe is the never-failing historian of the sentiments we have uttered, earth, air, and ocean, are, in like manner the eternal witnesses of the acts we have done.

The same principle of the equality of action and reaction applies to them: whatever motion is communicated to any of their particles, is transmitted to all around it, the share of each being diminished by their number, and depending jointly on the number and position of those acted upon by the original source of disturbance. The waves of air, although in many instances sensible to the organs of hearing, are only rendered visible to the eye by peculiar contrivances; whilst those of water offer to the sense of sight the most beautiful illustration of the transmission of motion. Every one who has thrown a pebble into the still waters of a sheltered pool, has seen the circles it has raised gradually expanding in size, and as uniformly diminishing in distinctness. He may have observed the reflection of those waves from the edges of the pool. He may also have noticed the perfect distinctness with which two, three, or more series of waves each pursues its own unimpeded course, when diverging from two, three, or more centres of disturbance. He may have observed, that in such cases the particles of water where the waves intersect each other, partake of the movements due to each series. No motion impressed by natural causes, or by human agency, is ever obliterated. The ripple on the ocean's surface caused by a gentle breeze, or the still water which marks the more immediate tract of a ponderous vessel gliding with scarcely expanded sails over its bosom, are equally indelible. The momentary waves raised by the passing gale, apparently born but to die on the spot which saw their birth, leave behind them an endless progeny, which, reviving with diminished energy in other seas, and visiting a thousand shores, reflected from each and, perhaps, again partially concentrated, pursue their ceaseless course till ocean be itself annihilated. The track of every canoe, of every vessel which has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which it left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession. The solid substance of the globe itself, whether we regard the minutest movement of the soft clay which receives its impression from the foot of animals, or the concussion produced from falling mountains rent by earthquakes, equally retains and communicates, through all its countless atoms, their apportioned shares of the motions so impressed. Whilst the atmosphere we breathe is the ever-living witness of the sentiments we have uttered, the waters, and the more solid materials of the globe, bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed. If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer the indelible and visible mark of his guilt, he has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its severed particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort, by which the crime itself was perpetrated."

In conclusion, we cordially recommend Mr. Babbage's *Fragments*, distinctly as such, to our readers. The acute remarks of an enlarged mind on important and interesting topics, cannot fail of being welcome. We take our leave

by expressing our hope, that the framers of our criminal code will weigh the subjoined aphorism, which Mr. Babbage puts forth while speaking of punishments, " Make but the offender better, and he is already severely punished." This is well worth the price of the volume.

*Nick of the Woods; a Story of Kentucky.* By the Author of "Spartacus," &c. Edited by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

We are under an obligation to Mr. Ainsworth for his introduction to *Nick of the Woods*; a tale from the pen of Dr. Bird, whose genius is highly appreciated in America. Some of his works have already been transplanted to this country, and have thriven under the fostering hand of Mr. A. K. Newman: but this last, and, as the editor says, "in some respects, the most striking of his efforts," was reserved for Mr. Bentley. In his Preface, Mr. Ainsworth alludes to some of the principal features of this, as follows:

" His descriptions of the forest scenery of North America are every where marked by great power. — The gloom, the solitude, the gigantic height of the trees, the tangled intricacies of the wilderness, the forlorn log-house, the rushing torrent, the perilous ford, and the almost interminable extent of the vast and 'immemorial woods,' are delineated by Dr. Bird with a master-hand. To the reader of romance, nothing is dearer than fearful adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and profound mystery. In these qualities, Dr. Bird's work is conspicuous; and, though the scene of action is dreary and sombre, gleams are ever and anon thrown over it, by the freaks and humours of his comic characters, like bursts of sunshine on a desolate landscape."

We shall now proceed to give an extract or two, illustrative of the characters of Captain Stackpole and Nathan Slaughter, leaving the others to speak for themselves.

Roaring Ralph and Bloody Nathan are thus introduced to the hero and reader. Ralph is captain by courtesy, having only been the leader of predatory bands of horse-stealers; he is dressed in the style of a back woodsman; his appearance rendered somewhat martial by rifle, tomahawk, and hunting-knife.

" As soon as he saw the commander of the station approaching, he cleared the throng around him by a skip and a hop, seized the colonel by the hand, and, doing the same with the soldier, before Roland could repel him, as he would have done, exclaimed, ' Glad to see you, cunnel; same to you, stranger — What's the news from Virginny? Stranger, my name's Ralph Stackpole, and I'm a ring-tailed squealer! ' Then, Mr. Ralph Stackpole, the ring-tailed squealer, said Roland, disengaging his hand, ' be so good as to pursue your business without regarding or taking any notice of me.' ' Tarnal death to me! ' cried the captain of horse-thieves, indignant at the rebuff, ' I'm a gentleman, and my name's Fight! Foot and hand, tooth and nail, claw and mud-scaper, knife, gun, and tomahawk, or any other way you choose to take me, I'm your man! Cock-a-doodle-doo! ' And with that, the gentleman jumped into the air, and flapped his wings, as much to the amusement of the provoker of his wrath as of any other person present. ' Come, Ralph,' said the commander of the station, ' whar'd you steal that brown mar' that? — a question whose abruptness somewhat quelled the ferment of the man's fury, while it drew a roar of laughter from the

lookers-on. ' Thar it is! ' said he, striking an attitude, and clapping a hand on his breast, like a man who felt his honour unjustly assailed. ' Steal! I steal any horse but an Injun's! Whar's the man dar's insinuate that? Blood and massacree-ation! whar's the man? ' H'yar,' said Bruce, very composedly; ' I know that old mar' belongs to Peter Harper, on the north side.' ' You're right, by Hookey! ' cried Roaring Ralph; at which seeming admission of his knavery, the merriment of the spectators was greatly increased; nor was it much lessened when the fellow proceeded to aver that he had borrowed it, and that with the express stipulation that it should be left at Bruce's station, subject to the orders of its owner. ' Thar, cunnel,' said he, ' that's the beast; take it; and just tell me whar's the one you mean to lend me,—for I must be off afore sunset.' ' And whar are you going? ' demanded Bruce. ' To St. Asaph's,' which was a station some twenty or thirty miles off, replied Captain Stackpole. ' Too far for the Regulators to follow, Ralph,' said Colonel Bruce; at which the young men present laughed louder than ever, and eyed the visitor in a way that seemed both to disconcert and offend him. ' Cunnel,' said he, ' you're a man in authority, and my superior officer; wharfo' thar can be no scalping between us. But my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man! ' he screamed, suddenly skipping into the thickest of the throng, and, sounding a note of defiance; ' my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man, and I'm for any man that insults me! log-leg or leather-breeches, green-shirt or blanket-coat, land-trotter or river-roller,—I'm the man for a massacree! ' Then, giving himself a twirl upon his foot that would have done credit to a dancing-master, he proceeded to other antic demonstrations of hostility, which, when performed in after years on the banks of the Lower Mississippi, by himself and his worthy imitators, were, we suspect, the cause of their receiving the name of the mighty alligator. It is said, by naturalists, of this monstrous reptile, that he delights, when the returning warmth of spring has brought his fellows from their holes, and placed them basking along the banks of a swampy lagoon, to dart into the centre of the expanse, and challenge the whole field to combat. He roars, he blows the water from his nostrils, he lashes it with his tail, he whirls round and round, churning the water into foam; until having worked himself into a proper fury, he darts back again to the shore, to seek an antagonist. Had the gallant captain of horse-thieves boasted the blood, as he afterwards did the name, of an 'alligator half-breed,' he could have scarce conducted himself in a way more worthy of his parentage. He leaped into the centre of the throng, where, having found elbow-room for his purpose, he performed the gyration mentioned before, following it up by other feats expressive of his hostile humour. He flapped his wings and crowed, until every chanticleer in the settlement replied to the note of battle; he snorted and neighed like a horse; he bellowed like a bull; he barked like a dog; he yelled like an Indian; he whined like a panther; he howled like a wolf, until one would have thought he was a living menagerie, comprising within his single body the spirit of every animal noted for its love of conflict. Not content with such a display of readiness to fight the field, he darted from the centre of the area allowed him for his exercise, and invited the lookers-on individually to battle. ' Whar's your buffalo-bull, ' he cried, ' to cross horns with the roarer of Salt River? Whar's your

full-blood colt that can shake a saddle off? 'Yar's an old nag can kick off the top of a buck-eye! What's your cat of the Knobs? your wolf of the Rolling Prairies? 'Yar's the old brown b'ar can claw the bark off a gum-tree! If 'yar's a man for you, Tom Bruce! Same to you, Sim Roberts! to you, Jimmy Big-nose! to you, and to you, and to you! Ar'n't I a ring-tailed squaler? Can go down Salt on my back, and swim up the Ohio! What's the man to fight Roaring Ralph Stackpole?' Now, whether it happened that there were none present inclined to a contest with such a champion, or whether it was that the young men looked upon the exhibition as a mere bravado, meant rather to amuse them than to irritate, it so occurred that not one of them accepted the challenge; though each, when personally called on, did his best to add to the roarer's fury, if fury it really were, by letting off sundry jests in relation to borrowed horses and regulators.\* That the fellow's rage was in great part assumed, Roland, who was at first somewhat amused at his extravagance, became soon convinced; and, growing at last weary of it, he was about to signify to his host an inclination to return into the fort, when the appearance of another individual on the ground suddenly gave promise of new entertainment.

"If you're rarely ripe for a fight, Roaring Ralph," cried Tom Bruce the younger, "here comes the very man for you. Look, boys, that comes Bloody Nathan." "Thar!" exclaimed Tom Bruce, slapping Stackpole on the shoulder, with great glee, "thar's the man that calls himself Dauner!" At him, for the honour of Salt River; but take care of his fore-legs, for I tell you he's the Pennsylvania war-horse!" "And ar'n't I the ramping tiger of the Rolling Fork?" cried Captain Ralph; "and can't I eat him, hoss, dog, dirty jacket, and all? Hold me by the tail, while I devour him!" With that, he executed two or three escapades, demivoltes, curves, and other antics of a truly equine character, and galloping up to the amazed Nathan, saluted him with a neigh so shrill and hostile, that even White Dobbins pricked up his ears, and betrayed other symptoms of alarm. "Surely, colonel," said Roland, "you will not allow that mad ruffian to assail the poor man?" "Oh," said Bruce, "Ralph won't hurt him; he's never ambitious, except among Injuns and horses. He's only for skearing the old feller." "And who?" said Forrester, "may the old fellow be? and why do you call him Bloody Nathan?" "We call him Bloody Nathan," replied the commander, "because he's the only man in all Kentucky that won't fight; and that's the way he beats us all hollow. Lord, captain, you'd hardly believe it, but he's nothing more than a poor Pennsylvania Quaker: and what brought him out to Kentucky, whar that's nar another creature of his tribe, that's no knowing?"

As Nathan approached, Ralph executed several demivoltes, and meeting Nathan—

"Bloody Nathan!" said he, as soon as he had concluded his neighing and curveting, "if you ever said your prayers, now's the time. Down with your pack, for I can't stand deer's ha'sticking in my swallow, no how!" "Friend," said Bloody Nathan, meekly, "I beg thee will not disturb me. I am a man of peace and quiet. And so saying, he endeavoured to pass onwards; but was prevented by Ralph, who, seizing his

heavy bundle with one hand, applied his right foot to it with a dexterity that not only removed it from the poor man's back, but sent the dried skins scattering over the road. Thisfeat was rewarded by the spectators with loud shouts, all which, as well as the insult itself, Nathan bore with exemplary patience. "Friend," he said, "what does thee seek of me, that thee treats me thus?" "A fight!" replied Captain Stackpole, uttering a war-whoop; "a fight, stranger, for the love of heaven!" "Thee seeks it of the wrong person," said Nathan; "and I beg thee will get thee away." "What!" said Stackpole, "ar'n't thee the Pennsylvania war-horse, the screamer of the meeting-house, the bloody-mouthed b'ar of Yea-Nay-and-Verily?" "I am a man of peace," said the submissive Slaughter. "Yea, verily, verily and yea!" cried Ralph, snuffing through the nostrils, but assuming an air of extreme indignation; "Stranger, I've heard of you! You're the man that holds it agin duty and conscience to kill Injuns, the red-skin screamers, that refuses to defend the women, the splendiferous creatures! and the little children, the squall-a-baby d'ars! And wharfo?" Because as how you're a man of peace and no fight, you superiferous, long-legged, no-souled, crittur! But I'm the gentleman to make a man of you. So down with your gun, and 'tarnal death to me, I'll whip the cowardly devil out of you." "Friend," said Nathan, his humility yielding to a feeling of contempt, "thee is theeself a cowardly person, or thee wouldn't seek a quarrel with one thee knows can't fight thee. Thee would not be so ready with thee match." With that, he stooped to gather up his skins; a proceeding that Stackpole, against whom the laugh was turned by this sally of Nathan's, resisted by catching him by the nape of the neck, twirling him round, and making as if he really would have beaten him. Even this the peaceful Nathan bore without anger or murmuring; but his patience fled, when Stackpole, turning to the little dog, which by bristling its back and growling, expressed a half inclination to take up its master's quarrel, applied his foot to its ribs, with a violence that sent it rolling some five or six yards down the hill, where it lay for a time yelping and whining with pain. "Friend!" said Nathan, sternly, "thee is but a dog theeself, to harm the creature! What will thee have with me?" "A fight! a fight, I tell thee!" replied Captain Ralph, "till I teach thy leatherified conscience the new doctrines of Kentucky." "Fight thee; I cannot and dare not," said Nathan; and then added, much to the surprise of Forrester, who, sharing his indignation at the brutality of his tormentor, had approached to drive the fellow off. "But if thee must have thee deserts, thee shall have them. Thee prides theeself upon thee courage and strength—will thee adventure with me a friendly fall?" "Hurrah for Bloody Nathan!" cried the young men, vastly delighted at his unwonted spirit, while Captain Ralph himself expressed his pleasure, by leaping into the air, crowding, and dashing off his hat, which he kicked down the hill with as much good will as he had previously bestowed upon the little dog. "Off with your leather night-cap, and down with your rifle," he cried, giving his own weapon into the hands of a looker-on, "and scrape some of the grease off your jacket; for 'tarnal death to me, I shall give you the Virginny lock, fling you head-most, and you'll find yourself, in a twinkling, sticking fast right in the centre of the earth!"

"Thee may find theeself mistaken," said Nathan, giving up his gun to one of the young men; but instead of rejecting his hat, pulling it down tight over his brows. "There

is locks taught among the mountains of Bedford, that may be as good as them learned on the hills of Virginia. I am ready for thee." "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Ralph Stackpole, springing towards his man, and clapping his hands, one on Nathan's left shoulder, the other on his right hip: "Are you ready?" "I am," replied Nathan. "Down then you go, war you a buffalo!" And with that the captain of horse-thieves put forth his strength, which was very great, in an effort that appeared to Roland quite irresistible; though, as it happened, it scarce moved Nathan from his position. "Thee is mistaken, friend!" he cried, exerting his strength in return, and with an effect that no one had anticipated. By magic, as it seemed, the heels of the captain of horse-thieves were suddenly seen flying in the air, his head aiming at the earth, upon which it as suddenly descended, with the violence of a bomb-shell; and there it would doubtless have burrowed, like the aforesaid implement of destruction, had the soil been soft enough for the purpose, or exploded into a thousand fragments, had not the shell been double the thickness of an ordinary skull. "Huzza! Bloody Nathan for ever!" shouted the delighted villagers. "He has killed the man," said Forrester; "but bear witness, all, the fellow provoked his fate." "Thanks to you, stranger! but not so dead as you reckon," said Ralph, rising to his feet, and scratching his poll, with a stare of comical confusion. "I say, stranger, here's my shoulders, but whar's my head? Do you reckon I had the worst of it?" "Huzza for Bloody Nathan Slaughter!" He has whipped the ramping tiger of Salt River, cried the young men of the station. "Well, I reckon he has," said the magnanimous Captain Ralph, picking up his hat: then walking up to Nathan, who had taken his dog into his arms, to examine into the little animal's hurts, he cried, with much good-humoured energy, "Thar's my fo-paw, in token I've had enough of you, and want no mo'. But I say, Nathan Slaughter," he added, as he grasped the victor's hand, "it's no thing you can boast of, to be the strongest man in Kentucky, and the most sevagorous at a tussel,—y'ha among murdering Injuns and scalping runnages, and keep your fists off their top-knots. Thar's my idear: for I go for the doctrine, that every able-bodied man should serve his country and his neighbours, and fight their foes; and them that does is men and gentlemen: and them that don't is cowards and rascals, that's my idear. And so, fawwell." Then, executing another demivolt or two, but with much less spirit than he had previously displayed, he returned to Colonel Bruce, saying, "Whar's that horse you promised me, cunnel? I'm a lick'd man, and I can't stay here no longer, no way, no how. Lend me a hoss, cunnel, and trust to my honour." "You shall have a beast," said Bruce, coolly; "but as to trusting your honour, I shall do no such thing, having something much better to rely on. Tom will show you a horse; and remember you are to leave him at Logan's. If you carry him a step further, captain, you'll never carry another. Judge Lynch is looking at you; and so beware!"

Many of the other characters are finely drawn, especially Telie Doe; and the interest, though wild, and perhaps somewhat exaggerated, is nevertheless often of intense power, and generally well sustained through the three volumes. We shall therefore conclude with sincerely recommending *Nick of the Woods* to our readers.

\* It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that by this term must be understood those public-spirited citizens, amateur Jack Ketches, who administer Lynch law, in the United States, in districts where regular law is but inefficiently, or not at all, established."

*Flora's Gems; or, the Treasures of the Par-  
terre.* Twelve Bouquets, drawn and coloured  
from nature, by James Andrews. With Poet-  
ical Illustrations, by Louisa Anne Twamley,  
author of "The Romance of Nature," &c.  
Folio. London, 1837. Tilt.

"Oh, the daisy it is sweet!" sang old Chaucer,  
nearly five hundred years ago; and flowers  
were the only "things that pretty bin," which  
could allure the old bard from his books, and  
draw him into the fields, where "he did shape  
him for to lie" on his elbow and side, watching  
Flora's fair children, as they opened their per-  
fumed eye-lids before the "golden eye of day."  
Poetry, poor poetry! is but little cared for  
now; but her attendants, the flowers, are as  
much beloved as they were in the olden time,  
when Innocence offered up her garland to the  
Gods, and the path which the sandalled feet of  
the blushing bride trod, was strewn with "rain-  
bowed odours." Where are the quaint gar-  
dens of the olden time? the days when they  
grew only hollyhocks and sunflowers, that  
threw their lofty heads towards heaven; for  
what mail-clad old Norman cut-throat could  
stoop in his cumbersome hauberk to look at the  
beauty of a violet, or inhale the perfume of a  
pink? But the bearded barons had lovely  
daughters; beings with sublime eyes, that bent  
down (with their white tunics floating around  
them like water-lilies), as they tended their  
oddly shaped flower-beds; and a few choice  
plants might bloom in their turret-windows;  
and a white hand now and then be seen be-  
tween the massy iron bars, holding a curious  
long-necked jug, not unlike the head and body  
of a crane, and watering the drooping flower-  
bells. And flowers grew in Eden! Roses and  
woodbine, and many a trellised stem, never  
seen again after the Deluge, may have drooped  
over the head of Eve, as she sat in the calm of  
evening, and mingled among her long ringlets,  
until her azure locks seemed like portions of  
the starry jessamine; and Adam mistook them  
for flowers. But these are odd conceits, day  
dreams that gather around us in our dotage,  
when we shut our eyes, and are away "cha-  
rioted by Bacchus and his pards." But our  
ancestors had not such delightful "deceits" as  
these to look upon in the dreariness and deso-  
lation of winter; such sweet pictures, that  
want but fragrance, and a breath of the gentle  
wind, to give them motion; and then we might  
live all our lives among flowers. Could not the  
same hand that has here challenged Nature,  
with her palette, to the contest of colours, hit  
upon some sweet device wherewith to perfume  
these likenesses of living beauty, and thereby  
cheat Nature of her odours as well as her hues?  
Marry, we have had many a *billet-doux* that  
would have made

"The light wings of Zephyr, sick with perfume,  
As they waved o'er the gardens of Gal in their bloom;"

and deem it not impossible that such things  
may yet be done: then, as old Pepys says, "it  
would please us mightily." We know not  
which we love best among these groups of love-  
liness; we halt amid heath, hyacinth, holly-  
hock, and heliotrope, and look at the gentle  
camellia and the lovely convolvulus, and colum-  
bine, and cyclamen, and know not which  
to choose: even Iris cannot wholly captivate  
our eyes; for, in the next page, we are flirting  
with a China-aster, sighing out our soul before  
sweet-peas, or languishing before a white ge-  
ranium. We stand still before a stock, feel  
larkish with a larkspur, or find an appetite  
while gazing upon Narcissus, which makes us  
prefer sheep to shadows, instead of pinching away.

They are, indeed, beautiful; there is a *na-  
turalness* about them such as we have rarely  
seen excelled; we could almost fancy that the  
hand of Nature had fashioned them, or that  
the Spirit of the Flowers had stolen forth in  
the still twilight, and thrown around them her  
magical tints.

"Oh! they are beautiful to see,  
Like ladies from a far country."

The poetry is occasionally very pleasing; and  
there are several happy and original thoughts  
which only a love of the flowers could have  
produced. We are sorry to put any qualifi-  
cation in our praise on a lady of so much pro-  
mise as the author; but it is our opinion, that  
the plan, plot, incident, or what not, on which  
some of these poems are written, is not in the best  
harmony with the spirit of the work. For in-  
stance, we have poems written to follow groups  
of flowers, in which no allusion is made to the  
illustrations. "The naming of the Iris" is a  
happy exception; and it is on that and similar  
models that the poetry should have been  
written. We speak this kindly; and it is what  
we would have whispered to the lady's own  
ear, had we had the pleasure of her acquaint-  
ance. It is easy to bespatter a work with  
fulsome praise; but not so to point out a fault,  
and shew a method of remedying it. "The  
Hollyhocks in the old Garden" are well man-  
aged: the associations of the scene—the  
change—childhood—and all those interwoven  
recollections springing from what has been, and  
what is, are wrought out in a true poetical  
spirit. The following description of the holly-  
hocks is new and beautiful:—

"They seemed a fairy city of tall spires,  
Wreathed, as for some high festival, with flowers,  
Rose-like, but far more changeful in their garb,  
And interleaved with peeping points of green,  
Restraining each within her proper bounds  
Of full-blown splendour. Lessening to the top  
The yet unopened buds, enclosed close  
Within their pale calyxes, all seemed  
Like veiled nuns beside the gorgeous show  
Of their gay rainbow relatives."

*The Lilac Tree.*

"The buds, like childhood, blooming bright  
With deep and ruddy glow;  
The blossoms, like a maiden's cheek  
More pale—yet lovelier so."

*Power of Poetry.*

"These poet's dreams  
Shed o'er the faerie-haunted flowers a glow  
Of sweet imaginings, that touch the heart  
And please the fancy; while the blossom's self,  
In all its wealth of colour, fragrance, form,  
Appeals but to our senses."

*The Columbine: "Folly's Flower."*

"Then gather roses for the bride;  
Twix them in her bright hair;  
But ere the wreath be done, oh! let  
The Columbine be there:  
For rest ye sure that follies dwell  
In many a heart that loveth well."

*Beauty in Death.*

"Thy Lily, like herself, has known what 'tis to die,  
Fair as life, has known what 'tis to die,  
Beneath her lattice, tell her of the lark,  
Nor greet thy summons with as sweet a voice  
E'en as the warbler's own! Her gentle eyes,  
Those soft dove's eyes, which thine did ever meet  
So lovingly, are laid on earthy boughs;  
They ne'er will see again the mountainous crest,  
Nor catch with the fleet vapours curl  
Around its hoary front. Their light is quenched,  
Their beaming language dim and wordless now;  
Though wont to speak such kindliness and love,  
That all her looks were clear as uttered words,  
Heralding every what her lips pronounced.  
And then made melody all air they breathed!  
For Lillian's self was music, and her soul  
Of harmony shed over all around  
Its blessing influence."

After such specimens as these, our readers  
will perceive that, if we approve not of the  
plan, we cannot deny but that the work con-  
tains many passages of beautiful and sterling  
poetry.

*Eureka: a Prophecy of the Future.* By the  
Author of "Mephistopheles in England,"  
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Longman  
and Co.

THE author has endeavoured to furnish an  
original view of what he supposes the world  
and its inhabitants will be some centuries hence,  
when Columbia is an over-populated empire,  
and Australia, &c. sending forth colonies, while  
the greater portion of modern Europe is deso-  
late, and London like Palmyra or Baalbec. In  
this attempt, we regret to say, we recognise  
none of the talent of "Mephistopheles." His  
characters, roaming the seas in a ship, might  
as well date 1837 as 2837; and neither the  
bloody piratical contests, nor the comic relief,  
nor the general, nor the particular descriptions,  
seem to us to be deserving of praise. The work  
purports to be that of a German student, and  
opens thus: —

"Guten morgen, Wilhelm!" said I, as I  
entered the chamber of my fellow-student.  
"How are you this morning? You look better  
—your eyes are brighter, and your cheek pos-  
sesses more colour than usual." "I am better,  
mein freund," observed the youth, raising him-  
self up from the bed till his back rested upon  
the pillows. "But what have you there?" "A fresh supply of flowers for you, Wilhelm,"  
I replied; "and I bought them of the prettiest  
mädchen I ever saw in the market-place." "Ich danke Ihnen für das Geschenk," mur-  
mured the grateful student. "You know  
I love flowers better than any thing upon  
earth."

Now, we should like to know why a German  
student, if he could say "How are you this  
morning," or, "you know I love flowers,"  
should not also be able to say, good morning,  
or, I thank you, instead of *guten morgen*, or,  
*Ich danke Ihnen!* Such hotch-potch writing  
is quite ridiculous.

We will not go into the story, which has so  
utterly disappointed us, but select a bit of the  
humorous, to shew that our censure is only too  
justly incurred. The honest men are retaking  
their vessel from the pirates, and Roly Poly is  
a black cook: —

"At this instant, when Oriel and his party  
were unavailingly attempting to make good a  
foothing upon the deck, assistance came from a  
quarter from whence any thing so welcome had  
never been anticipated. Roly Poly was pur-  
suing his avocations in the cook-house when he  
heard the affray, and, looking out, observed  
exactly the state of the opposing parties. By  
him the pirates had never been regarded with  
any thing like affection. They had treated him  
with great disrespect. They esteemed not  
his art, and spoke contemptuously of his skill.  
His resolve was soon made, and as quickly exe-  
cuted. Dipping a mop in a copper of boiling  
water in which his cookery was going on, he  
hurried, as fast as his fat limbs could carry  
him, upon deck. "See how Roly Poly come to  
sist him friends," cried he, exultingly, as he  
began to use his strange weapon among the  
pirates, with a dexterity that scattered them  
right and left. "Ha! you call my boofiful  
puddin' 'choke dog'—take dat, you libellous  
vagabone," and with a forcible sweep the scald-  
ing mop descended upon his face, sending him  
howling off his heels. "Ha! you say my  
lumptious soup wishy-washy—take dat, you  
ignorant jackmorass!" and a resistless blow upon  
the ear levelled him with his companion, yell-  
ing with pain; and thus he proceeded till he  
had cleared a way for Oriel Porphyry and his  
coadjutors, who quickly silenced all opposition.  
"I hab you now, you fellar!" shouted Roly

Poly, striding in triumph over one of his victims, and seemingly intent upon ramming the scalding mop down the man's throat. 'Like your impence, I tink, you fellar! to go for to say I boit sich nice puddin I make in nassy dishcloth!' 'Hubble, bubble, hubble, bloo!' said the choking wretch. 'Now I gib you puddin debblis nice, you fellar!' cried the fat cook, ramming away with all his might. 'Hobble, a bobble, a gobble, a gloo!' were the only sounds that were heard in reply. 'Dis neber boil in nassy dishcloth, you fellar!' 'Grow, a row, a row, oo, oo, oo!' 'Like your bominable impence, you fellar!' 'Rug, a rug, a glug.' 'Take debblis good care you neber say no more sich diclus impossibilities. Ha ! him dead as herrin' now,' observed the unrelenting negro; and then adding, 'but sebh him berry right — berry right, indeed — a fellar!' he shouldered his mop, and turned on his heel. 'Up with the anchor, and get out to sea as fast as you can,' exclaimed Oriel Porphyry."

This Oriel, after sailing about a long, long while, returns to Columbus, and is made Emperor of Columbia. We conclude with one of his intermediate adventures, an Irish one, in the English Channel.

"What are these vessels approaching us in this threatening manner," inquired Oriel Porphyry, as he noticed several old crazy-looking boats, filled with men who were coming towards them, with their crews howling, screeching, and yelling, with all the strength of their lungs. 'I do not think they mean us any good,' replied the captain: then, turning to some of the sailors standing scrutinising the appearance of a strange fleet, evidently bearing down upon them, he exclaimed, 'Get the long gun ready, and give these fools a taste of grape if they attempt to attack us.' 'Ay, ay, sir!' replied one of the men; and every disposition was made to repel any assault that might be attempted. As they approached nearer, it was observed that these vessels were a vast number of large open boats, some with sails, but most without; and they were so crammed with men, that many of them were in danger of sinking every minute. Their crews were clothed in ragged vestments of every colour and description; and they were armed with old swords, pistols, guns, pitchforks, and bludgeons; and these they displayed as they advanced, shouting all the time in wild savage tones perfectly deafening. A larger boat was in advance of the others; and in a conspicuous situation in this vessel stood up a tall fierce-looking man, with his head bound round with a hay-band, and a tattered blanket dropping from his shoulders. He brandished a rusty sword as he approached, and gave orders to those who followed, which appeared to meet with implicit obedience. When he came within gun-shot of the Albatross, he turned round to his followers and addressed them. 'Boys,' said he, pointing to the ship, 'yonder's the furreners. It's myself as ill take their big baste iv ship if ye'll be all to the fore. Divle a care ye may take ov their darty guns that their pointing at yese — its made ov wood they are, and sorrow a harm they can do, bad luck to 'em. Keep your powther dry, boys, and look to your flints, and iv we don't kill, and murther, and throttle every mother's son ov 'em, I'm not King Teddy O'Riley.' 'Sheer off there, you ragamuffins,' shouted the captain through a speaking-trum-pet. 'Sheer off, or I'll sink ev'ry soul of ye within gun-range.' 'Down wid the darty furreners!' screamed King Teddy O'Riley. A shower of balls whistled past the captain, and

on came the over-loaded boats, with their crews yelling in the most frantic manner. There appeared to be at least five or six hundred of them; and it was judged expedient to put an immediate stop to their progress. The long gun was discharged, which sunk the foremost boat, and killed the greater portion of its crew. The rest hesitated when they beheld their monarch swept into the sea; and a well-directed fire of musketry made them glad enough to commence a retreat as fast as they could, screaming, in hideous chorus, as long as they could be heard. 'Take a boat and see if you can save any of those rascals sprawling in the water,' exclaimed the captain to the midshipman Loop. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; and the boat having been lowered, a party proceeded to pick up the wounded and drowning. They succeeded in saving several, among whom was their illustrious leader, King Teddy O'Riley, who was brought upon deck, looking very much deprived of his dignity, his coronet of hay-bands wet and dirty, and his blanket of state shrunk out of all shape. He created considerable surprise among his captors, and not without sufficient cause, for nothing could exceed the eccentricity of his appearance. His hair was thick and long, and of a dark red colour. Large bushy whiskers of the same tint surrounded his cheeks. His nose was remarkably red, and his face seamed with the marks of the small-pox. Below his cloak was a long coat, which did not appear the more royal for being out at the elbows, and for having lost half its skirt. His lower garments hung upon him like a bag, and they had the legs rolled back up to the knees. A pair of old boots, exceedingly down at heel, out of which the toes of his majesty were seen to peep, in spite of the straw with which they were lined, completed his costume. 'And who the deuce are you?' demanded the captain, after he had sufficiently scrutinised the appearance of his prisoner. 'Faix and ain't I king ov Blatherumskeite?' said the other. 'And where, in the name o' all that's wonderful, is Blatherumskeite?' inquired the captain. 'And is it yourself that doesn't know where Blatherumskeite is?' exclaimed his majesty, in seeming wonder. 'Well, the ignorance o' some people is amazin! Not know Blatherumskeite! Be the holy japers, that bates Bannagher, and Bannagher bate the divle. And Blatherumskeite, sich a jewel ov a place! Why Blatherumskeite's the finest kingdom, and has the finest paple under the sun. Its full ov commodities ov all sorts. It dales in turpentine, brickdust, soft soap, and other swatemes; tracle and train oil, pepper and salt, and other hardware; pigs, buttermilk, paraties, and other kumbustibles. Not know Blatherumskeite, inadile! Be this and be that, you're as ignorant as a born brute.' 'And what induced you to fire at me, Mr. King Teddy O'Riley?' demanded the captain. 'Faix and wasn't it only just to kill ye we fired at ye?' replied the king, with the utmost simplicity. 'It was, was it?' exclaimed Hearty; 'and for what reason did you attack the ship?' 'Wid no other rason in life than to take it,' responded his majesty. 'I was just a lading the boys to make a decent on England, wid the hope ov being able to pick up a few thrifles, when we seed your ship. 'The top ov the morning to ye,' says I, 'and if I don't be after ransacking ye intirely, small blame to me there'll be.' And then we pulled away at the divle's own rate, and a mighty dale ov diversion the boys had

about what they'd do wid the big ship when they'd got her, when, widout wid your lave or by your lave, I was regularly kilt, smashed, and smothered into the wather. And here I am.' 'Well, King Teddy O'Riley, we must be under the necessity of hanging you,' observed the captain. 'Hang me!' shouted the man, in perfect amazement. 'Hang a king! —hang King Teddy O'Riley? Hang the King ov Blatherumskeite? Why its rank treason! Ye'll not be after thinkin ov doin sich a rebellious action. I shall feel obliged to yo if ye wont mention it.' 'And what would you have done with us if you had succeeded in your ridiculous idea of taking the ship?' inquired Hearty. 'Faix and wouldn't we have kilt every soul ov yese, and taken the rest prisoners?' replied his majesty. 'Then we cannot do better than follow your example,' observed the captain; then, turning to some of his men, who appeared to enjoy the scene with particular satisfaction, he exclaimed, 'Get a rope ready at the fore-yard arm, that we may hang this fellow!' The sailors, with great alacrity, made the necessary preparations. 'Be all the holy saints betwixt this and nowhere, ye'll not be after taking away the life ov a poor king!' exclaimed his majesty of Blatherumskeite, with the greatest earnestness and alarm. 'What'll I do now? Sure and I'm in a bad way! Sure and I'll be done for intirely! And is it to be hanged I am?' continued he, looking woefully at the rope that was dangling ready for immediate use. 'Is King Teddy O'Riley to be kilt after sich a villainous fashion? Oh, what a disgrace for Blatherumskeite! What a dishonour to a king! Oh! what 'ill I do — what 'ill I do?' 'Is the rope ready?' inquired Hearty. 'All right, sir,' said the boatswain. 'Then hoist him up,' replied the captain. The men proceeded to fulfil the command of their officer. 'Oh, it's in a pretty way I am!' exclaimed the unfortunate monarch, with tears in his eyes. 'Be the holy japers, wouldn't I change places wid any body as would like to be hanged in my place. It's yourself, Murphy O'Blarney, that's the good subject,' said the king, addressing one of his companions, with particular and impressive emphasis. 'Sure, and ye've got more patriotism than to let the King ov Blatherumskeite be hanged, when it's your own loyal neck as would fit the rope so azly.' Murphy O'Blarney did not seem to hear. 'Bad luck to the likes ov yese for a traitor,' murmured his majesty. Then, turning to another of his subjects, he said, 'Larry Brogues, it's great confidence I place in ye — ye're a jewel ov a man intirely; and if ye 'll just be after doing me the thrifing favour ov being hanged in my place, the best pig I have shall be yours.' Larry appeared as if he had lost all relish for pork. 'I always said ye were a base ribbel!' muttered the angry monarch, turning from him to address a third. 'Mick Killarney, a sensible boy you've shewed yerself afore to-day, and little's the praise I take to meself for not having rewarded ye according to your deserts; but if ye'll shew your superior desarnment, by letting the little bit ov a rope be placed round your neck instead ov mine, it's meself that 'll make a man ov ye when I get back to Blatherumskeite.' Mick Killarney turned the only eye he had in his head to another part of the ship. 'There's more brains in the tail ov a dead pig, than 'ill ever come out ov yer thick skull, ye villain!' exclaimed King Teddy O'Riley, in thundering rage: then he looked very pathetic, wiped his eyes with a corner of his blanket, and began to chant, in the most miserable tones, the following words:—

\* Who'll bile the paraties, and pale 'em and ate 'em?  
Who'll drink all the buttermilk I used to swallow?  
Who'll hand round the whisky, and take his own share  
too?

Wid mighty convanience?  
Oh! Teddy O'Riley, your reign's put a stop to,  
Small blame to your sowl, you're a king now no longer!  
You're smashed all to smothers, and dished up and done  
for.

In a way most amazin'.

Not brave Alexander, or Nebuchadnezzar,  
Who went out to grass wid the rest of the cattle;  
Not Moses, or Boney, nor yet Cleopatra,  
Were treated so vilely.

Its meself that's up to me eyes in amazement,  
To see you desued and surrounded by villains,  
Who are wantin to place your poor neck in a halter—  
Bad luck to their mothers!

Is it rope you're deslin? the divle a ha'port'.  
Is it hanged that you would be? not me, then, by japers.  
Oh! there's sinse and there's rason in your own way ov  
thinkin,

You're clever intirely.

But sorrow a hope have ye got to indulge in,  
For there hangs the rope like a murtherin blaguard,  
Wid a knot at one end, and a noose at the other.

Oh! what 'ill I do now?"

We trust our readers, by this time, will  
know where Blatherumskite is to be found.  
"Eguna!"

#### Standish's Shores of the Mediterranean.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

WE have no further observations to offer on a work which so intelligibly speaks for and recommends itself. Speaking of the cathedral of Palermo, the author says:—

"The ancient cathedral of Palermo served, at the epoch of their occupation, as a mosque for the religious rites of the Saracens, who have left in it some almost unintelligible inscriptions in Arabic, valuable only to the curious in that language. Professor Morso occupied himself in translating them from the Cufic to the modern Arabic tongue. After the expulsion of the Mahomedans, the Normans used the building for a church, and it rose to the dignity of a Christian place of worship, and was endowed and enriched with many gifts by the Bishop Gualterio Offamilio, a relative of Ruggieri, in the interval from 1160 to 1194, during which period he governed this church. He destroyed, however, in his religious zeal, much of the ancient architecture, but left one compartment or chapel, if it may be so termed, entire. Almost as much damage has been done to monuments of ancient art by Christian as by barbarian enthusiasm; and in the present instance, many other adjoining churches and buildings were sacrificed, in order to gain ground for the completion of this cathedral. In its nave are sepulchres consecrated to the remains of Anfusus and Henricus, sons of Ruggieri, together with those of the two wives of the latter prince; and the founder, Gualterio, is interred also in the same neighbourhood. Thus perish and pass away all mortal things, and all worldly splendours; the cold stone survives to mark the last abode of him who drew it from the quarry."

This is finely expressed, and worthy of poetry—but we continue our notes.

"There is one monument which rises from the pavement of this church, entitled the 'Eternal Respect,' from the great name which adorns its tablets; under it repose the mortal remains of Frederic the Second of Sicily, at whose court literature was cultivated, learned men patronised, and the arts encouraged, during a period when the whole of the rest of Europe was immersed in ignorance and barbarism. The Italian of Dante was the language of the island at that period, and it has changed little even at the present time from its original frame: it may be said that the language of that great

poet, as well as of Petrarch, was and is the dialect of the present day. \* \* \* \*

"To those who have seen the various horticultural establishments in England, France, Germany, and Holland, the botanical garden of this capital presents nothing new; save that, whereas in the north artificial means are used for producing vegetation and bringing plants to maturity, in Sicily nature does every thing, and the climate supplies of itself what with us is gained from fire. There are, however, forcing-houses here also; and one that was made in England, being destined for Vienna, was presented to the institution which it now adorns, in 1799, by Maria Carolina of Austria. The collection of plants is very valuable. I saw two specimens of the *Cycas revoluta* from India, which cost 500*l.* sterling; and I am told that, in the grounds, there are eighteen thousand varieties of vegetable nature. The palms which I observed bear fruit, though it never attains its full perfection, nor is it at all equal to what is brought from the African coast; it is, however, eatable, and the servants of the garden consume it. At no great distance, to the south of the botanic garden, is the site of some ancient Arab remains, called 'Mar Dolce'; and it is here that antiquaries suppose the famous lake of 'Albehira' to have existed, which was a piece of water for recreation, filled with fish, and serving for the diversion of the Mahomedan chiefs of the city. Professor Morso, who writes on the subject, endeavours to fix the account of this lake; but the only authority we have concerning it is the description given by a Jew, called Benjamin, of Tudela, in Navarre, who travelled in various parts of the world, more, it seems, for observing the synagogues of his countrymen, than from any love of general knowledge: and it has been suspected that he has given accounts of many places he never saw, and, amongst them, of this. He affirms that, in his time, there were splendid pleasure vessels on this piece of water, used by the grandees of the country for sailing. All, however, is now dry, and even the site of the water uncertain. Near to this spot is another very memorable one in the annals of Sicilian history: I mean the tragic theatre of the Sicilian Vespers. \* \* \*

"Santa Rosalia was a native of Sicily, and related to the ancient Norman kings of the isle; her birth-place was Palermo. She flourished in the time of the second King William, and was a friend of Queen Margaret, who, during the minority of her son William, reigned in his stead. It seems, however, that her holiness preferred the retirement of a hermitage to the splendour of a court; and, indeed, it often happens that those familiar with the latter, descend to a choice of the former without regret. All is not gold to the mind that glitters to the eye; the sword of Damocles is suspended over our splendid banquets, and retirement from the world with but little is preferable to the embarrassment of great riches and power:—

"Pura rivus aquæ, sylva jugerum  
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides mea,  
Fulgenter imperio fertili Africa  
Fulgit sorte beator."

To be master of time, to read, to walk, to muse at will, to repose at an early hour, and watch the breaking of the rosy morn through the shades of night; to be unembarrassed by cares for others, and unsolicitous for each passing event; to enjoy tranquil slumbers, and taste with pleasure the unsophisticated viands provided by nature; to glide through life without counting days, marking them only by kind

acts; and to welcome the seasons in some rural pursuit, as they revolve;—this is to live happy, this is to exist in good earnest: and when the hour-glass of time has run through the allotted space of existence, the virtuous and tranquil spirit will receive the release of nature without repining, and exist again, and play round the spots it once loved, in the approving voice of those who are left behind. Perhaps, in succeeding ages, that pure fame will descend to posterity; and when time has stamped long past events with the marvellous, a beneficent genius will rise from the memory of the past, and be hailed by the unsuspecting vulgar at every village-feast with devotions and rejoicing. Santa Rosalia lived in a happy seclusion, unknown to and unnoticed by the great; her death caused no sensation; and it was only in the commencement of the seventeenth century, that a supernatural and simultaneous impulse in a body of the clergy guided them to explore her long deserted and almost unknown grave. The remains of her mortal being were discovered, and conducted through the plague-infested town, upon which the malady ceased. No supernatural cause elicited the disease, though a supernatural agency is said to have extinguished it. The vehement haste of the Spanish viceroy, Philiberto of Savoy, to possess a Turkey carpet, proceeding from the infected East, without proper fumigation, spread the pestilence through Palermo."

From Sicily Mr. Standish went to Naples; and his description of the Museum is beautifully written, though we can only detach an antiquarian fragment:—

"I obtained," he says, "two favourable specimens of the Greek urns of Agrigentum, from Signor Politi, during my stay at Girgenti, and he reckoned them amongst the best that had fallen under his notice; they are diminutive in size and composition to what are seen here, but not inferior in quality; they have also the merit of never having been broken; whereas, half of the ancient urns in this Museum have been repaired; they are, in the first instance, dug out in pieces, and then put into the hands of a workman, who joins them together, and afterwards glazes them so well as to defy the most minute scrutiny. The only test is nitric or muriatic acid, which will eat away the superficies, and so shew the crevices. Restorers are equally skilful, and charge as high for repairing these urns, as their brethren of the profession do for pictures. It may be noted, that the Sicilian Greek vases have generally a red ground, with black figures; whereas, those of Nola have invariably a black ground, with red figures. The price of all these articles, however, has fallen considerably of late, and more especially since the excavations made by Prince Borghese, at his villa, near Rome, the *subterranea* of which abound with objects of the same class, not yielding in excellence of workmanship, or beauty of form, to any others, either from Sicily or Nola. The armour, the household appendages, and the surgical instruments, found both at Pompeii and Herculaneum, are very interesting, and differ little from those used in the present day; I particularly observed this in the instruments serving for the obstetric profession. We are dragged into the world now as we formerly were; time has not changed our natures, nor our necessities, and the part we have played, and play, is, to issue into life painfully, to live with anxiety, and to depart with fear. I saw no Roman bed capable of holding two persons; they are very narrow and solid; what I saw were made of bronze. There is some Grecian

armour from Paestum, which, though worn by time, is still intelligible in form. The appearance of the modern imitations is so near that of the original, that any theatre, or any armourer in Europe, could supply a complete suit for Achilles, were he to return again to-day; perhaps not quite so perfectly as the god Vulcan, but quite sufficiently so to equip the hero for battle, and enable him to brave Hector and the Trojans. The articles of glass found in the two ancient cities present novel forms, and are of various colours, green, white, and a very beautiful blue; but I saw none of purple: the fact, also, which Pliny asserts, and which has been doubted, is determined in his favour; namely, that the Romans used glass to their windows, of which several panes are to be seen in this Museum; thicker, indeed, than in that of modern use, but in quality and size the same. The ancients had a fanciful and elegant taste for their vessels; all we have might have been borrowed from them; many of their glass cups might be imagined to have been fused in the present day. Their gold ornaments appear mostly to have been laboured with the hammer. The spiral form of the serpent, for armlets and bracelets, was popular with them: but they employed little chiselled work. They used pendants for the ears, rings of gold and silver, and bracelets, with collars of all metals. The collection of papyri is more worth seeing, from the process of detaching the folds, than from the materials themselves, which resemble dry hard rolls of tobacco. The different layers are unfolded by applying gum and gold-beater's skin to the cinders, which communicate with a wheel. The width of each line of manuscript is not more than two or three inches, and five persons superintend the operation. The lines are printed on paper as they occur in the original; and what has perished in the process of opening, is supplied by the divination of some Greek professor, and distinguished by red letters. Some of the cinders are wholly unmanageable, and what has, as yet, come to light, are not the works of any very eminent man."

The fine arts are always touched with a master hand and feeling: we quote the following as curious:—

"The church of the princes of San Severo contains three monuments, for which the government is said to have offered thirty thousand dollars, which were not considered an adequate price by the family to whom they belong: and they are really curious from the extraordinary effect produced by their drapery and accessories. The first represents the mother of Don Raimonde, one of the princes, under the shape of a female figure of Modesty, covered with a veil of marble, so managed as to shew all the muscles of the body underneath. The second is that of the father of the same prince, under the allegory of a man delivering himself from the snares of vice by aid of a good genius. The snares of vice are represented by cords, which encompass the body, all formed from the same piece of marble, but touching the figure in very few places. The third is a dead Christ, covered with drapery, supposed to be damp with the dew of death: and, perhaps, no illusion can be more forcibly expressed than what is seen in this figure. The tranquillity of eternal repose, the relaxation of inanition, and almost the incipient dissolution of decay, are presented to the eye; indeed, the contemplation of it, in the solemn abode of death, gives a sickening sensation to the frame, and I was glad to escape into the open air and the sunshine, to avoid the effect of the painful representation. Corradini was the inventor of

this style amongst the moderns, and wrought here, as also did Queirolo: the former was a Venetian. The Greeks did not often labour to give the effect of muscular action through garments; but it is exhibited in the Esculapius of Syracuse; and Canova, amongst the moderns, was generally successful when he attempted it."

The following will interest our musical readers:—

"As the Neapolitan school of music is famous in Europe, I will note that which is in the monastery of San Pietro di Majella, in the quarter of the town called San Giuseppe. The number of scholars of both sexes, educated free of expense, is one hundred. Somellit and Paisiello left their manuscripts and posthumous works to this establishment, and the lessees of the different theatres are obliged to deposit here the partitions of music which are presented on the different stages. There are two directors, one of whom is the famous Cherubini, for the vocal, and there is another for the instrumental department. The musical library is fine and well-chosen. Besides masters for music, the pupils have the advantage of professors, who instruct them in various other branches of knowledge, necessary for the education of youth. This establishment is, however, exceeded in consequence by that of Vienna, which contains five times the number of scholars, has an archive of seven thousand works in ancient and modern music, with a gallery containing the portraits of almost all the early and contemporary luminaries and distinguished cultivators of the tuneful art."

And now we must conclude with a lecture to our travelling countrymen, which comes with peculiar force from the pen of Mr. Standish:—

"Let me address a few words to my countrymen travellers. You come abroad to save money, to mix with foreigners, and to improve your manners, as well as, in some instances, to avoid your debtors; attend:—money may be saved more agreeably in England than on the Continent, if people are not ashamed of economy; and those who are subject to such false shame do not deserve to be rich. When England is abandoned for France, you should call to mind what Casimir Delavigne, the best modern French poet, says concerning the English nation, and he echoes only the voice and spirit of all his fellow Frenchmen:—

'La France dans son sein ne les peut endurer,  
Et ne les recevront que pour les devorer.'

And, again (on occasion of the death of Jeanne d'Arc, and the invasion of the British):—

'La France jamais ne perit toute entière  
Que son dernier venger fut il dans la poussière;  
Les femmes, au besoin, pourraient les en chasser.'

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, go and spend your money, and enrich a nation which hates and despises you; you will find, moreover, almost all agreeable places of the Continent as dear as your native land, and you will want many comforts, even if you live expensively there, which you might have at will in your own country. As for society, you are ridiculed in it: I have not yet visited a nation which does not amuse itself with the formal manners of the British. As for improving your manners, that may be done if you come early, are extremely prudent, and get rid of your English prejudices; but many a family has to lament the exposure to temptations, which have perverted the minds, and ruined the prospects of its members, who might have lived respectably from youth to age in their own country, by

their not knowing how to choose between the levities of foreigners and their really estimable qualities. When you can eschew the bad, and seize the good,—for no human natures are perfect,—you will certainly improve; but if, to the heaviness of an English disposition, you add the frivolity of the foreign one, you become 'leaden zephyrs,' and little else than heterogeneous, inconsistent creatures, with heads of bulls, and tails of serpents. The experiment is perilous. As for the bands of ruined gamblers, of desperate adventurers, who pollute by their contact the very steamers in which they cross the Channel, live they in Paris, in Naples, or in Vienna, they will soon be known, speedily scouted, and invariably exposed; let them herd together, and let the nation be purified by their departure, which has had the misery to give them birth. As for you, gentlemen, who travel for fashion, as long as you have guineas to spend in Europe, you will receive lip honour; when you are no longer serviceable to the people you visit, you will be thrown upon the dunghill. I am sorry to say that we are not popular abroad; the wars we entered into with France have caused the destruction of all the south of Europe; Germany is demoralised, Russia is jealous and angry, Italy discontented, Sicily and Spain ruined, Holland indifferent, and France friendly only from interest: how, then, can we islanders be well viewed by these nations, when, in addition to political discontent, we so frequently attract private animosities by our prejudices, our difference of habits to those we live amongst, and our general exclusiveness in sympathies, and predilection for whatsoever is English? In making these strong charges and remarks, I am, however, free to admit that there are exceptions, and that a travelled, well-educated, and well-disposed Englishman, is an ornament and a benefit to the circle, wherever it be, in which he moves: of these I know, I am happy to say, many, and value and respect their acquaintance, but, 'odi profanum vulgus.'"

To all which we say, Amen!

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture.* By W. Bardwell, Architect. Large 8vo. pp. 234. London, 1837. Fraser; Williams.

A BEAUTIFUL and valuable work, got up with much taste, and full of information. It is dedicated to his majesty, and merits the royal honour. The illustrations are very numerous and interesting, and the notes, well digested, give an insight into the history of almost every remarkable temple erected to Jehovah from the earliest periods. The accounts of those of the middle ages are peculiarly acceptable; but the whole, in spirit, in detail, in execution, and in instruction for the future architect, deserves the highest approbation and public patronage.

*The Penny Cyclopædia,* Vol. VIII. London, 1837. Knight.

THE first article in this volume is enough to recommend it; it is on Copyright, and, therefore, at this moment, particularly worthy of attention. The last word is Dionysius.

*An Epitome of Niebuhr's History of Rome; with Chronological Tables, and an Appendix.* By Travers Twiss, B.C.L. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 269. Oxford, 1837. Talboys.

A VERY valuable addition to classic learning, which clearly and ably embodies all the latest efforts of the laborious Niebuhr. The chronological tables are excellent; and, indeed, the

whole is a work most fitting for the library of every intelligent reader.

*The Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny.* By William Beattie, M.D. Illustrated in a series of Views, taken on the spot by Messrs. Bartlett and Brokeodon. First Quarterly Part. Virtue.

"Or all nations or provinces," observes the writer of the Introduction to this interesting volume, "where the noblest virtues have been called into action, and where love of country, and zeal for religion, have alternately endured the most grievous calamities, or led to the most glorious results, these Valleys of Piedmont—a spot scarcely noticed in the maps of Europe—stand forth in brilliant distinction. From the magnanimous traits, heroic sacrifices, and startling incidents, which their history presents, it has all the character of an ancient epic; all the materials and variety of a tragic drama, but of a drama stamped with the seal of truth."

The views in this part of the work are nineteen in number, and are full of romantic beauty. The peculiar and picturesque costume of the figures contributes much to their effect: and, in some of them, military demonstrations and movements add great animation to the scene.

*The Poet's Daughter.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Macrone.

THERE is too much, and too little, in these volumes. Too much love, murder, and sudden death; too much fine writing, and too little originality and truth. The young writer, and the *Poet's Daughter* is obviously the production of youth, does not want talent; there is a perception of both feeling and nature, but there is no dramatic power. The story lies over too great a space, is broken with an infinitude of episodes, and is improbable, "exceedingly." Its author has published too soon.

*Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. XV. Part I.* Edited by Prof. Napier. Edinburgh, 1837.

A. and C. Black; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

THIS work continues to advance briskly. It seems to have climbed the alphabetic hill, and to find the last half of the road easier and easier. This Part proceeds from *May to Mon*—the last word being that magical one, *Money*; which, and *Mollusca*, *Mining*, *Mines*, *Minerology*, and the *Microscope*, are its leading articles.

*The Tour of the Don.* 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Groombridge; Sheffield, G. Ridge.) We took up these volumes under a misapprehension that they belonged to the *Don* of Russia, but found them to contain a series of pleasant sketches made during a pedestrial tour in Yorkshire. They originally appeared in the *Sheffield Mercury*, and possess more than mere local interest to recommend them to publication in this collected form.

*The Antiquities of Athens, and other Monuments of Greece,* &c. Pp. 103. (London, Tilt; Leicester, B. Coombs and Co.)—A small and very neat quarto, in which the finest monuments of Grecian art, as measured and delineated by Stuart and Revett, are brought under the notice, and before the eye of the reader. It is a pretty manual, and though the explanations are concise, they are satisfactory. No fewer than seventy clever plates illustrate the volume.

*Whale's Natural History of Seborno.* Pp. 411. (London, Orr and Smith.)—"Ever charming, ever new," this fresh and popular volume is most welcome in a new edition, enriched by notes from the pen of Mr. Edward Blyth. The quantity and value of the additional matter render the work infinitely more acceptable, and throw much light on every branch of the natural history of England.

*Sognants,* &c. Edward Moroxon. Two pp. 75.—A second edition of Mr. Moroxon's very sweet compositions, and got up in a style worthy of the master.

*The Politics of another World,* by Mordecai. 8vo. pp. 374. (London, E. Wilson, jun.)—"We don't like the politics of this world, and could, therefore, hardly be seduced into an admiration of those of another. This is, however, a strange rhapsodic book—letters from red dragons, beasts with seven heads, angels in myrtle trees, unclean spirits, leviathans, &c., &c.—and if aim it have, it is aimed at the Church of England and episcopacy.

*Sketches of Western Virginia.* Pp. 117. (London, E. Bull.)—A little volume to promote the sale of certain estates in

Western Virginia, and instruct British settlers in the best measure for establishing themselves in that province. There is a good map, and the accounts and descriptions are plain and intelligible.

*De Pomié's First Italian Reading Book.* Pp. 251. (London, J. D. Pomié and Cooper.)—A nice collection of Italian stories, and well calculated to lead the student into the agreeable paths of Italian literature.

*Select Lyrical Poems of the German Poets, with a Translation of all Unusual Words and Difficult Passages, and Explanatory Notes.* By W. Klauser-Klatowski. Pp. 456. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Roland; Dublin, Milliken; Paris, Barrois.)—A very excellent selection of German lyrics, and accompanied by such able critical remarks and explanations as must greatly enhance the value to the German student.

*Scelta di Prose Italiane tratte da Celebri Scrittori, Antichi e Moderni.* Pp. 280. (London, East.)—Another good selection, and well calculated to promote a pleasant acquaintance with the language of Italy.

*Anoram, a Tale of Bagdad.* Pp. 312. (London, J. Richardson.)—An Eastern story, in which the capture of Bagdad by the Tartars, and the death of the last caliph of the Abbasian line, are the principal features. The other incidents are various, but not much out of the usual order.

*Adventures in Search of a Home,* by Caveat Empitor. 8vo. Pp. 392. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A third edition of a volume at once very useful and entertaining, in which the mysteries of horsemanship are famously exhibited.

*Picturesque and Historical Recollections during a Tour through Belgium, Germany, France, and Switzerland,* by M. O'Connor, Esq. Pp. 290. (London, Orr and Co.)—A pleasant little volume in many instances; but few, we believe, will agree with the writer, that the Duke of Wellington was, throughout the war, a shocking bad general, and only saved by the peace from being obliged to surrender to Soult at Toulouse!

*The Pocket Lacon,* selected by J. Taylor. Pp. 463. (London, J. T. Cox.)—A selection of a thousand passages from a multitude of writers, and done with judgment and discretion.

*The Philosophy of Human Nature, in its Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations,* by H. M'Cormac, M.D. 8vo. pp. 564. (London, Longman and Co.)—A comfortable treatise, in which the author contends for our perfectibility to a large degree here, and to a glorious extent hereafter. It is written with much warmth and feeling.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE Liverpool meeting of the British Association is fixed for Monday, the 11th of September next. We learn, with pleasure, that the places for holding the various sections are exceedingly convenient; and that, notwithstanding the mercantile pressure of the times, there is likely to be a very gratifying assemblage of the Association, to illuminate, for a while, the gloom, the partial gloom, we hope, that has fallen on the princely commerce of the merchants of Liverpool.

### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER, V.P. in the chair.—Read, an account of several new species of *Orchideæ*, natives of British Guiana, by Mr. Schomburgk. The descriptions were illustrated by drawings. Several of these species were remarkable for the beauty of their flowers. The next paper was a description of a tree, a native of the same place, called the snake-nut-tree, which appears to constitute a new genus of the natural family *Terebinthaceæ*. The seed is coiled up, snakelike, within the nut; hence, no doubt, have originated a belief in its supposed virtues as an antidote to the bite of serpents. It forms a large tree, of the aspect of the walnut (*Juglans regia*), and was found by the author on the banks of the Esequibo. A plant of the *Linaria arenaria*, in flower, from the collection of Mr. Janson, was exhibited. At the anniversary, Robert Brown, V.P. in the chair, the Duke of Somerset was re-elected president; the other officers stand as heretofore.

### GEOLICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, 3d May (continued). Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper was read On some recent elevations of the coast of Banffshire, by Mr. Joseph Prestwick, jun. F.G.S. That an uplifting of the shores of

the Moray Firth has taken place subsequent to its having assumed its present outline, is proved by the existence, in several places, of a raised beach. In Banffshire, its height above the present high-water level varies from six to twelve feet. It occasionally abounds with shells now inhabiting the adjacent seas, such as *Patella vulgata*, *P. lavis*, *Trochus ziziphinus*, *Littorina littorea*, and *Turbo reticulatus*. To this upheaving of the land the author attributes the draining of the former lowlands, as he conceives is indicated by the remains of drained peat-mosses. A section of one of these presented a total thickness of about five feet, including two irregular layers of gravel and quartz grit, with fresh-water and land shells. In a paper On the *Gamrie Ichthyolithes*, read before the Society in April 1835, Mr. Prestwick stated that, having been informed of the occurrence of lias in the dark clay and sands, which in many parts of Banffshire cap the old red sandstone and schistose rocks, he had inferred that these beds might be outliers of lias. Having, however, subsequently visited that country, and examined that deposit at Blackpots and Gamrie, he found the lias fossils in separate masses, and associated with rolled fragments of the older rocks. He also met with, at Gamrie, in a bed of light-coloured sand, alternating with dark clay and beds of gravel, the following recent shells:—*Astarte Scotica*, *Tellina tenuis*, *Buccinum undatum*, *Natica glauca*, *Fusus turricula*, *Dentalium dentalis*. They were extremely friable, but perfectly uninjured. This deposit or drift attains in places a thickness of 250 feet, and rises to a height of 350 feet. In conclusion, the author attributes the origin of this drift to a denudation of the lias and older formations; and he infers, from the perfect preservation of the fossils, and the superposition of the beds, that its accumulation was gradual.

17th May.—Extracts were read from two letters from Sir John Herschel, from the Cape of Good Hope—the first to Charles Lyell, Esq. dated 20th February, 1836; and the second, in explanation of this, to R. J. Murchison, Esq. of the date of 15th November, 1836. In these, the author, taking for granted a high degree of central temperature in the earth, which many geologists admit, and with which all are familiar, proceeds to explain his views respecting the necessary consequences of the transfer of pressure from one part to another of the earth's surface, by the degradation of existing, and the formation of new, continents; by pursuing into its consequences, according to admitted laws of this hypothesis, of a high central temperature: his object being to get a geological *primum mobile*, in the nature of a *vera causa*, and to trace its working in a distinct and intelligible manner. Thus, assuming an equilibrium of temperature and pressure within the globe, the isothermal strata, or curves of equal temperature, will be spherical; but when they approach the surface, will, by degrees, conform themselves to the bottom of the sea, and the surface of continents. If, therefore, we suppose these isothermal strata under the bottom of any great ocean to be parallel to its concavity, when this comes to be filled up, the bottom may become horizontal, or even bulge out into a convexity, and the equilibrium of temperature will be immediately disturbed, because the form of a stratum of temperature depends essentially on the bounding surface of the solid above it. The temperature, therefore, will immediately begin to migrate from below upwards, and the isothermal strata will gradually change their form from the con-

cave to the horizontal, or convex form. The former bottom of the ocean will then acquire a temperature corresponding to its then actual depth, while a point as much below it as itself is below the surface, will acquire a greatly higher temperature, and may become even melted. Hence, therefore, instead of saying, as heretofore, "Let heat from below invade (for which no reason can be assigned) newly deposited strata, then they will expand, melt," &c., we may commence a step higher, and say, "Let strata be deposited, then, according to known, regular, and calculable laws, heat will gradually invade them from below, and will expand or melt them, as the case may be. But if, from the inequality of pressure, some support give way, a crack may take place, extending upwards, and a piece of the solid crust break down and be plunged into the liquid below, this will, from the simple hydrostatic pressure, rise into the crack above; but, as it gains height, it is less pressed: and if it attain such a height that the ignited water can become steam, the joint specific gravity of the column is suddenly diminished, and a jet of mixed steam and lava will be forced up, giving rise to all the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes. But if all goes on in quiet, the only consequences will be the obliteration of organic remains, and lines of stratification, &c., and the formation of new combinations of a chemical nature, &c.—in a word, the production of metamorphic, or stratified primary rocks.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, June 2. Mr. Brockdon on medal and cameo engraving. Into this subject we have already fully entered, in No. 1047 of the *Literary Gazette*, for Feb. 11th, of this year. The subject is one to which the art, in itself beautiful, and the late discussions about it, have given considerable interest, especially the important improvements invented and patented by Mr. Bate. We cannot better describe what Mr. Brockdon exhibited and explained than we have already done in the Number alluded to, where we reprinted the whole of the evidence given by that gentleman upon the subject before the House of Commons. At the Royal Institution he exhibited what had been done; and, by means of a large wooden model of the machine, made rough traces in chalk from a cone. The subject of the lecture, however, was not, we think, a favourable one for an audience, and less capable of being clearly explained to them than to a committee of inquiry, like that of the House of Commons. Those, however, who found it difficult to understand the principles, were interested in the facts and processes exhibited, particularly a paper model, which exhibited the difference between distortion and foreshortening, and a diagram which shewed the courses of the lines by the old and the new machines over a cone. A sheet of prints, from rare medals, beautifully ruled by the machine, was liberally distributed among the audience; but the scuffle to obtain them, in spite of the declaration that there was enough for all, must have led to the destruction of many, in the not very decorous scramble to obtain them.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Council have resolved to offer annual medals, or an equivalent sum in money, by way of premiums, for subjects connected with Zoology, and the premiums for the year 1837 are as follows:—

1. For importing either a pair of Musk Oxen: or a specimen of the Hippopotamus, male or female; or a pair

of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*; 2. To the breeder of the greatest number of Curassows in the year 1837; 3. To the importer of a male and female Indian Pheasant, of a species not already alive in this country; 4. To the breeder of the best specimens of Indian Fowls in the year 1837; 5. To the breeder of the most rare or most interesting foreign quadruped in the year 1837; 6. For the best Essay on the Care and Treatment of the species of the genus *Felis* in confinement.

The conditions will, we presume, be promulgated, or may be learnt at the Society's offices.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 1.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—H. Hall, Student of Christ Church; Rev. G. E. Peake, Magdalen Hall; E. P. Shirley, Magdalen College; Rev. C. P. Peters, Queen's College; Rev. F. Jones, R. Ward, Oriel College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—T. W. Whipham, Balliol College;

J. S. Phillips, Exeter College; J. Hatzell, Oriel College;

F. Menzies, Scholar, C. T. Nesbit, Brasenose College;

H. J. Gore, Postmaster of Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 31.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. F. Maynard, Caius College.

*Bachelors in Civil Law*.—Rev. C. Chichester, Downing College; W. M. R. Haggard, Trinity Hall.

*Bachelor in Physic*.—W. A. Guy, Pembroke College.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—F. W. Rawes, Caius College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LAWRENCE in the chair.—Part of a paper by Mr. Farr, one of the lecturers of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was read. This communication treats of that interesting portion of the animal kingdom, the class *Polypi*. The author, in connexion with his subject, incidentally notices the zoophytes, and wonders not that, in the first instance, they were considered by some naturalists as belonging to the mineral kingdom; and by others, as Tournefort and Ray, to the vegetable; the great improvements in the microscope, however, opened a new field for observation. In 1828, a communication was made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, announcing the discovery of an anal and oral opening in polypi, which was also, about the same time, ascertained by Ehrenberg, who made this important distinction the basis of his classification. Mr. Farr, it appears, directed his attention to these researches, chiefly during visits to the Isle of Sheppey—rich in such subjects—during 1835: and in that portion of the paper which was read, he details the results of various experiments conducted by him with the camera lucida. In making these, he guards against the introduction of artificial light, which is altogether inadequate for pursuing, with satisfaction, such delicate inquiries. He then describes the complicated machinery, by which is carried on protraction and retraction. Several gentlemen were elected into the Society, and others were introduced, and took their seats for the first time as fellows.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis exhibited a facsimile copy of a plan of the town of Terronen, France, and the siege of it, temp. Henry VIII. It is the more valuable, as the place was entirely destroyed after its capture; the original is in the Cottonian collection. The reading was concluded of the Earl of Northumberland's "Instructions touching the management of his affairs," addressed to his son during his imprisonment in the Tower, for being connected with the Gunpowder Plot. It bore the style of a man of cultivated talent and education; but the subject was a general captious tirade against the female sex, in all their situations in life.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone, 8 P.M. (Mr. Delille on French Literature.)

*Tuesday*.—Zoological, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Mr. H. Wilkinson on the Manufacture of Sword-blades); Architectural (Essay by G. Alexander).

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

*Saturday*.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Seventh and concluding notice.]

Of the Architectural Drawings in the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy it has never been our hint to speak, except in cases in which they possessed qualities generally attractive; such as may be seen in the present instance, in 1029, *The Mournful Obsequies of the valiant Raymond Berenger*, G. P. Jenner; 1042, *Design for a Triumphal Bridge*, W. Barnes; 1084, *Baths erecting at Bournemouth, near Christchurch*, B. Ferrey; 1091, *The Ruins of Castle Acre Abbey, Norfolk*, J. Baynes; 1102, *View of Grey Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, B. Green; 1125, *Design for the Interior of a Synagogue*, D. Mocatta. The last-mentioned is a splendid example of its kind, rivaling Asiatic or Moorish magnificence.—Some table or mantel models in the Architectural Room are well deserving of notice; as 1151, *Status of the Lady Adelaide Lennox*, R. C. Lucas; 1152, *Monument to Earl Grey*, J. and B. Green; 1153, *Status of the Marquess of Douglas*, R. C. Lucas; 1154, *Bust of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta*, C. A. Rivers; and 1157, *A Group of Orphans*, in marble, T. Sharp.

Of the construction of the room devoted to Sculpture, we have already said we do not think so highly as of that of the rooms appropriated to Painting. A single and steady light is advantageous to a picture: to a statue it is indispensable; as, with cross lights, forms become undistinguishable. We understand that, in the first instance, when a stick was placed perpendicularly on the middle of the floor of the Sculpture Room, it cast three shadows!!! After profound deliberation, one of the windows was shut up, so that the stick now casts only two shadows!!! It is with great diffidence we advise the closing of another window: the stick will then, perhaps, cast but one shadow!

Shapes of grace, and lines of beauty, are among the first qualities of sculpture. In the development of these qualities, taste, judgment, and sentiment, are essential ingredients. As illustrations of this fact, we may point out 1178, *A group in marble, representing Hylas surprised by the Naiades*, J. Gibson; 1179, *Group in marble, Maternal Affection*, E. H. Bailey, R.A.; 1180, *Marble statue, Nymph at the Bath*, R. J. Wyatt; 1177, *Girl and Lizard*, H. Cardwell; 1169, *A statue in marble, representing Love disguised as a Shepherd*, J. Gibson, R.A.; 1160, *Euphrosyne*, a statue in marble, R. Westmacott, R.A.; 1168, *Statue in marble, Female Suppliant*, S. Macdonald.—Of commemorative statues, the dignified, the commanding, and the venerable, are the leading characteristics. The following are fine exemplifications of them. 1161, *Marble statue of Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. for Westminster Abbey*, Sir F. Chantrey, R.A.; 1162, *Marble statue of John Dalton, D.C.L. Manchester*, Sir F. Chantrey, R.A.; 1165, *Statue of the late Dr. Babington, to be placed in the Cathedral of St. Paul*, W. Behnes; 1167, *Monumental Figure of Viscount Bromley*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; 1163, *Mural Monument to the Memory of Mrs. Cole*, R. W. Sievier;

**1164.** A Monumental Statue, J. Gibson, R.A.—The marble busts are numerous, well-arranged, and of a very high order of art. Among the most striking are 1206, Mrs. Thomas Jarvis, T. Butler; 1207, The late Rev. John Wilcox, M.A., E. W. Wyon; 1208, The Baron de Lagos, J. Gallagher; 1248, Andrew Amos, Esq. E. Ryley; 1210, The late John Abernethy, Esq. W. Groves; 1217, Samuel Cartwright, Esq. S. Joseph; 1218, Sir John Bayley, R. J. Wyatt; 1219, The late Sir William Franklin, K.C.H., S. Joseph; 1224, Chevalier Buckhausen, Consul-General of Russia, P. Turnerelli; 1226, The late Pervival Pott, P. Hollins; 1227, Sir John Beckett, Bart. M.P., W. Behnes; 1230, The Rev. Dr. Penfold, W. Behnes; 1235, Mrs. Charles Tennant, J. Fillans; 1231, The late Sir Thomas Munro, R. W. Sievier; 1241, Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M.P., C. Moore; 1255, Allan Cunningham, Esq. J. Fillans; 1271, Dr. Robert Southey, Sir F. Chantrey, R.A.; 1273, Earl Grey, E. H. Bailey, R.A.; 1281, The late Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, Bart. E. H. Bailey, R.A.; &c.—These are diversified by 1254, Cabinet Statue of Lord Viscount Melville, and 1263, Cabinet Statue of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, J. Francis; as well as by a variety of fine alto and basso-relievoes, classic and historical: viz. 1192, Wickliffe preaching to the People, R. Westmacott, jun.; 1202, Part of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey, to the Memory of Dr. Bell, W. Behnes; 1190, Mercury presenting Pandora to Prometheus, R. Westmacott, jun.; 1196, Dante and Beatrice, M. L. Watson; 1198, Psyche, W. C. Marshall; 1185, Model of the Shield of Achilles, J. Henning, jun.; &c. &c.

In taking leave, for the present season, of the Royal Academy, we beg to repeat our best wishes for their prosperity under their new roof; and, as one of the elements of that prosperity, we strongly recommend to them a more careful sifting of the works offered for exhibition. They would also consult their dignity by declining to insert any unmeaning and ridiculous quotations in their catalogue.

**Lottery of Pictures.**—Our readers, both those who love the fine arts, and those who feel what that love ought to generate towards the artists whose talents have delighted them and adorned their country, will, we are convinced, read the following brief statement with sympathy and interest. By the death of the late R. Jackson, R.A., his widow and family were left in straitened circumstances, which put it out of the power of the mother to rear and educate her children in the manner that would become them and her, and afford them a fair chance of making their way with credit in the world. In some measure to remedy this, a few friends, including patrons of the art in the highest ranks of life, have proposed a lottery of seventeen pictures, the property of the late distinguished painter, most of them his original productions, but including his noble copies of the Three Marys, of Annibale Carracci, and the Christ in the Garden, of Correggio. These two will be the principal prizes; and are, indeed, worthy of being so. We believe the tickets are ten guineas each, and that the whole number to be issued is only sixty; so that there will be nearly one prize in every three. But, were there only one in thirty, the object deserves the consideration of the liberal and the good.

**THE OTTLEY COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS.** It is very gratifying to us to be able to notice, that, in the present depressed state of mer-

cantile affairs, the sale of this well-known collection has not in any way been affected; on the contrary, the ardour for collecting the fine works of the early engravers is evidently on the increase, as many of the more rare and important prints have here produced greater prices than obtained for them at the sale of the celebrated collection of Sir Mark Sykes, some ten or twelve years since, when they were considered to have arrived at their maximum. Our readers will recollect that, on the death of Mr. W. Young Ottley, we gave a brief memoir of his life, with a notice of his several distinguished works on the history of early engraving and painting. Mr. Ottley's whole life and fortune were devoted to the advancement of the fine arts; and, at his death, the arrangement and sales of his valuable collections were placed in the hands of Mr. Sotheby. The sale (occupying fourteen days), which has just been concluded by him, formed the principal portion of Mr. Ottley's collection of prints, and has produced three thousand pounds. The collection was particularly rich in the works of the early German and Italian masters; and the annexed brief selection of a few of the rarest, with the prices at which they sold, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

*Rembrandt—Dutch School.* £. s. d.  
St. Francis at the Entrance of a Wood, from the  
Barnard collection ..... 7 2 6

Old Haring, from the same collection ..... 22 0 0

Beggars at the Door of a House ..... 4 12 0

*German School.*

Belshazzar's Feast, by Muller ..... 4 4 0

St. Hubert before a Stag, by Albert Durer ..... 5 0 0

Adam and Eve, by the same ..... 36 0 0

The Crucifixion, an Outline only, supposed by

Mr. Ottley to be by Albert Durer ..... 10 15 0

The Dance of Death, by Hans Holbein ..... 37 10 0

The Deluge, by Van Staren ..... 4 18 0

The Madonna, by "Le Maître à l'Ecriveuse" ..... 6 12 0

The Taking of Christ, by the same ..... 6 0 0

A Woman with a Milk-pail, by Lucas Van Leyden ..... 4 10 0

A Female and Infant in a Landscape, by Lucas Cranach ..... 5 10 0

The Marriage of the Virgin, by Israel van Mecken ..... 6 8 0

The Passion of Christ, by the same ..... 3 15 0

Christ on the Cross, between Two Thieves, by

"Le Maître à la Navette" ..... 8 5 0

St. Helen, by Franz von Bocholt ..... 4 8 0

The Baptism of Christ, by the Master of 1496 ..... 7 5 0

The Madonna, by the same ..... 7 2 6

Saint Barbara, by the same ..... 20 0 0

The Virgin of Einsiedlen, by the same ..... 13 15 0

*Italian School.*

Adam and Eve in Paradise, by Marcantonio ..... 5 5 0

Christ taken down from the Cross, by the same, from the collection of Sir P. Lely ..... 20 15 0

St. Cecilia, after Raffaello, by the same, from the

Mariotto collection ..... 24 10 0

The Judgment of Paris, by the same ..... 15 0 0

Apollo Belvedere, by the same ..... 7 0 0

The Galates, by the same ..... 7 2 6

The Pest, after Raffaello, by the same ..... 5 0 0

St. John the Baptist, by Campagnola ..... 7 5 0

A Set of Ornaments, by J. Andrea ..... 3 12 0

La Puissance d'Amour ..... 25 10 0

The Four Dancing Nymphs, by And. Mantegna ..... 11 0 0

The Baptism of Christ, by Gir. Mocetto ..... 25 0 0

The Madonna, by the same ..... 16 10 0

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Botticelli ..... 22 0 0

The impressions from the works of Niello, and the large woodcuts, concluded the sale. The Niellos were principally purchased by Mr. Ottley, at the sale of Sir Mark Sykes's collection; and they have, in several instances, produced greater prices, though upon an average much about the same. We are glad to find many of the rarest, and the finest, were purchased for the British Museum; as also several of the more curious and unique prints throughout the collection.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*An Essay on the Education of the Eye with Reference to Painting. Illustrated by Copperplates and Woodcuts.* By John Burnet, F.R.S. 4to. pp. 73. London. Carpenter. THERE are few artists in the present day who

have shewn more varied talent—there are few writers in the present day to whom art is more indebted—than Mr. Burnet. His valuable "Practical Hints on Painting," were noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, as the three parts, of which the work is composed, made their successive appearance. We have now to introduce to our readers a further production, containing many suggestions calculated to be highly useful; especially at a period when the public attention has been so recently called to the subject by the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

"In a country so largely connected with manufactures as this is (says Mr. Burnet), we cannot but wonder why the education of the eye has not been more generally cultivated; observing, as is also the case with the ear, that its education in after life rarely gives the possessor those advantages which result from a proper direction having been given in youth: nor do I see why drawing should not accompany the elements of reading and writing, the complicated forms of the letters in many languages presenting a more serious obstacle than what is required in the rudiments of drawing; and I have no doubt but that a very short time would be sufficient to enable a scholar to draw objects with tolerable correctness. Without this education, not only are the most valuable advantages often lost, but the mind is deprived of one of its chief sources of correct information and the hand remains in a manner paralysed and unable to record what the eye takes cognisance of; whereas, when they advance in mutual contact through a course of early instruction, this difficulty is overcome. \* \* \*

"The power of seeing objects correctly (he afterwards remarks), is gained by a careful examination of their general appearance, and of the component parts which produce such general appearance; it is necessary, therefore, before proceeding to delineate any object, to observe it attentively in the first instance, to examine it as a whole, so as to be convinced of its great leading features, the various shapes the principal lights take, also the forms of the darks, what occasions them, and why they are darker at one place than at another; the size and shape of the smaller component parts, where they are congregated most, and where the greatest vacuum is situated, where portions are seen entire, and where they are intercepted. Without the eye taking cognisance of all these before proceeding, it will be impossible to give a just representation, either in the detail or in the general effect; it will, moreover, have a prejudicial influence, inasmuch as it will lead to a style of drawing without feeling, character, or decision. One reason why the drawings of eminent artists are superior to all others, is the great intelligence every line indicates, the smallest touch being expressive of the character; another advantage this previous contemplation of the subject has, is the storing of the mind with materials for future occasions, when it is necessary to have recourse to the memory. Knowledge in drawing, as well as in other sciences, is having ready a mass of materials, which we can apply to the subject in hand. Drawing much improves us as little as reading much, unless we contemplate and understand as we proceed; those who have acquired a readiness of hand without correctness and study, have but the shadow instead of the substance; and though to the unlearned their works have the appearance of excellence, yet to educated eyes they seem in the light of forgeries, or like the language of him who talks speciously of a subject he does not understand. After the

hand has once acquired this delusive dexterity, the student becomes contented, and unable to execute any thing correctly in future. \* \* \*

" Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, careful drawing and minute finishing are to be regulated in a great measure by the nature of the work in hand, otherwise these qualities, excellent in themselves, are liable to be caught at, as an excuse for doing something which requires the least exertion of the mind. Though it is absolutely necessary to be able to draw correctly whatever may be placed before you, yet it does not follow that the same labour is to be carried into the subordinate parts, otherwise a long portion of life might be spent in delineating the intricate ramifications of trees and plants, or in mapping out with painful fidelity the hedges and ditches of a whole country. The correctness of which it is necessary to be possessed is to be employed in rendering with accuracy the vital portions of all works, frequently leaving the minor passages to be filled up from our general knowledge and practice. How vexatious is it to see young men attending academies and museums, month after month, drawing from antique statues, in place of bestowing their whole care in giving the outline and form correctly, waste their youth in industrious idleness, in representing the flaws and excoriations of the mutilated marble, or in smoothly stippling in a surrounding mass of background!"

How true is the following observation :—

" The real trouble in life, in all professions, is the trouble of thinking; to escape which, the most laborious trifling is caught at, but, if fairly grappled with in the outset, every thing becomes clear, and, in after life, that which is a continual annoyance to many becomes one of the greatest gratifications. Why is it, that to the eye of an artist the drawing of a complicated plan is rendered clear at a glance, while to others it requires multitude of figures of reference and a long explanation? It is, that his mind has been educated in continual intercourse with the eye; and the constant habit of reflecting on cause and effect has rendered a numerous assemblage of lines intelligible to him, which, to others uneducated, appear like a species of hieroglyphic."

Form, perspective, chiaro oscuro, invention, composition, arrangement, harmony, and other qualities of art, are separately treated by Mr. Burnet, with great knowledge and ability, and their principles are illustrated by some exceedingly clever etchings and woodcuts, after Raffaele, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Cuyp, &c. As we cannot transfer any of these illustrations to our pages, we must refer our readers to the volume itself; with some of the concluding passages of which we shall close our notice.

" Objects drawn from nature possess a very characteristic difference from those drawn from the combinations of fancy, or from those images presented to the imagination. We find in sketches from nature many minute circumstances, a truth and precision, a variety and beauty, that objects drawn from memory, or those images under the guidance of the mind only, have no pretension to; the latter possess the general appearance merely like the confused character of nature presented to indistinct vision; or, if made out with detail, the minutiae contain a select set of touches or forms, become agreeable from habit, which constitutes mannerism; such imperfections can be avoided only by having accustomed the eye, in the first instance, to a scrupulous exactness in delineating objects from nature, as one or two parts left out may destroy the richness and variety of lines, and

an unequal proportion of the forms may deprive the copy of the truth and beauty of the original. These peculiarities are also to be examined and contemplated upon, that this character may be engraven upon works of imagination."

But it is not nature alone that must be studied. A reference should be constantly made to the master-pieces of art.

" Raffaele, by taking advantage of the works of those who had preceded him, carried the art to a state of perfection, which the study of nature, notwithstanding his constant application to her, never could have enabled him to achieve; the contemplation of the fine works of antiquity created elevated visions of ideal composition, while his constant application to nature for the details enabled him to give a reality and identity to the creations of his imagination. Without the eye being made acquainted with the beauties of those who have advanced the art to its present state, either progressively, by studying the best works, or by commencing a course of drawing from antique sculpture, it will be impossible to select what is beautiful in nature, or be able to choose one point of view more interesting than another. \*

" The art of studying from nature may be therefore considered as implying that which we perceive through the medium of our own eyes, and those things made apparent through the spectacles of other men; for seeing nature does not merely mean seeing the exact length and breadth of any object, but means the power of discerning her beauties and defects, those portions which are to be preserved, and the mode of heightening their effect upon the eye of the spectator, and the several parts which operate detrimentally to the general arrangement of the whole, which are to be intercepted by other objects, or left out entirely. For, as the accidental combinations of nature are thrown together uncontrolled by the likings or dislikings of any one, the greatest study is necessary, so as to form a complete work which shall possess all the appearance of chance combined with the most skilful adjustment: for example, what a variety of appearances do not the effects of light and shade produce upon the same scene, viewed at various times of the day, or seen under the advantages or disadvantages of accidental arrangements of objects; this power of discernment is therefore to be acquired by the study of the works of those who have excelled in the different departments of the art, and afterwards perfected in searching out and contemplating the beautiful combinations which lie scattered in the endless varieties of nature: this mode of study alone can enable one artist to surpass another in the power of selection; and the same scene, bald and ineffective in the hands of one, may be rendered full and of rich effect by another who has watched a more favourable arrangement, and who has followed up and completed the various hints derived from accidental combinations. Thus, the study of nature is conducive to perfect the education of the eye, by careful investigation of her works ourselves, and by being able to comprehend and appreciate the works of those who have most successfully studied her; and this not in a lukewarm or superficial manner, but with that noble enthusiasm which stimulated the genius of Michael Angelo through a long life, and even, when deprived of the power of vision from old age, made him order his attendants to convey him to the gardens of the Medici, that he might feel and pass over with his hands the glorious remains of Grecian art, on whose statues he had founded his own education."

*Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.*  
Engraved by T. Woolnoth, from a Miniature by H. Collen. Ackermann and Co.

A GRACEFUL and pleasing portrait; but we will borrow L. E. L.'s charming lines to describe it.

" Fair art thou, princess, in thy youthful beauty;  
Thoughtful and pure, the spirit claims its part;  
Gazing on thy young face, a nation's duty  
Bursts forth into the homage of the heart.

" O'er thy high forehead is the soft hair braided,—  
Be never darker shadow on that brow!  
Not yet one tint of youth's sweet hues is faded;  
The loveliness of promise lights thee now."

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### CUPID DISARMED.

*By Henry Brardrett,*  
(In illustration of a Landscape so called, by Arnald.)

*NYMPH OF THE WOODS, WITH DARKLY-FLOWING TREES.*

And robe of grace, that flutters in the breeze!  
Seekest thou Love, to court his soft caresses,  
Where, by calm waters, wave green myrtle-trees?

Or wouldst thou rob young Cupid of his quiver,  
Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?  
Armed or unarmed, by mountain, grove, or river,  
Spite of thy guile, Love will be victor still.

Sleep where he may, he's still of beauty dreaming;  
Whether tall cedars frown on Cashmere's rose,  
Ormirth and music, and gay banners streaming,  
Hail him as monarch, mid eternal snows:

And therefore, wood-nymph, steal away his quiver,  
Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?

Armed or unarmed, by Ganga's sacred river,  
Or the dark Danube, Love will conquer still.

Neath the cold moonlight, India's graceful daughters

Round starry Cama lead the lotus dance:  
Now the frail lamps of fate illumine the waters;  
Now, like twin fire-flies, beams affection's glance.

And wouldst thou rob young Cupid of his quiver,  
Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?  
Armed or unarmed, by mountain, grove, or river,  
Spite of thy guile, Love will be victor still.

Even break the shafts and snap the bow asunder;  
Reign there no Venus in the realms above?

From pole to pole rolls on the awful thunder;  
Vulcan has forged immortal shafts for Love!

Then therefore, wood-nymph, steal away his quiver,

Bow, arrows—all that makes the bosom thrill?

Armed or unarmed, by Ganga's sacred river,

Or the dark Danube, Love will conquer still.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE ASTROLABE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

*At Greenwich Hospital.*

" She sent for him, and he came;  
With him, his astrolabe he name;

" With points and circles marvellous,

" Which was of fine gold pretious."

*Gower's Conf. Amor. B. 3.*

It is a curious fact, deserving of general notice, that amongst the many interesting relics preserved at Greenwich Hospital, in commemoration of the distinguished achievements of our great naval commanders, the Astrolabe of the famous Sir Francis Drake now forms a conspicuous and very important object of attention. It is deposited within a glass case upon a sort of tabular pedestal, which was erected for its reception, in the centre of the platform of the Painted Hall, in August 1831, on its presentation by his present majesty, who has, on many previous occasions, testified a particular pleasure in contributing to the memorials of British valour and enterprise collected at Greenwich Hospital. A suitable inscription round

the slab bears record of this very appropriate gift of a naval monarch to the maritime museum of the nation. The upper part of the pedestal is constructed in the form of a capstan (an engine used in raising the anchor at sea), and most appropriately consists of "heart of oak;" the base is of imitation-granite; and the astrolabe rests upon a short rod placed in the centre of the slab, where, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, it is sustained in an open position of its various parts, which would otherwise collapse, and thus present a *congeries* somewhat resembling the figure and arrangement of a watch, when closed; requiring to be separately opened, at each division, for inspection of the contents. This unique and truly interesting apparatus comprises the mariner's compass, sun-dial, ring-dial, quadrant, table of latitudes and longitudes, planetary sphere, lunar almanac, and other tables and instruments, forming the constant astronomical guide of the immortal Drake throughout his various expeditions, and which, being habitually suspended by a chain round the neck of the wearer, as a becoming addition to the dress of that period, was of easy reference in his observations a-shore as well as at sea. The different portions of its intricate interior, together with the case which incloses it, are constructed of the deeply alloyed gold employed in articles of jewellery during the early part of Elizabeth's reign; and on the dial appears the following inscription:—"Humfrey Cole made this dial, anno 1569." It will be seen, on reference to the list of engravers annexed to Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England," that the above artist was an eminent goldsmith and engraver, and held a situation in her majesty's mint. The device, on either lid of the case, implies a very suitable allusion to Sir Francis's projected enterprise of circumnavigating the globe; though, probably, meant only as a general illustration of the success usually attendant on indefatigable perseverance in any of the pursuits of life. It represents a lofty tree, at the foot of which a pair of idle squirrels are engaged in mutual frolic, satisfied with the vain enjoyment of the present hour, and unwilling to encounter the fatigue of scaling the heights above them; whilst, on the summit of the highest bough, are exhibited, by way of antithesis, a couple of laborious snails, who, by dint of long-continued and unweared exertion, have at length surmounted all the dangers and difficulties of the ascent, and are apparently exchanging their congratulations on the accomplishment of their task; thus typifying, in a plain and characteristic manner, the important truth, so forcibly exemplified by the witty *Aesop*, under his well-known fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise;"—that great natural abilities, without due application, will ensure no ultimate advantage to the possessor; while a constant and untiring devotion to the objects of our calling, however for a season retarded through an inferiority of genius, will eventually gain for us the elevation we seek, notwithstanding the seeming distance, circuituity, and numerous obstacles of the approach. There are many other emblematical figures engraved on the case; but whether they present any analogous reference to the above, it would be difficult to determine, as they are partially erased through the friction of the metal by long-continued wear; and the only further embellishment which attracts our observation is a cable, aptly introduced as coiling round the edge of the case, which is circular and richly chased. The following memorandum is engrossed on two cards of considerable size, suspended on opposite sides of the slab, and

refers to the manner of its preservation in later times:—

"This Astrolabe, constructed for Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis) Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies, in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiquities belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented, in the year 1783, by the Right Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, K.G., on his quitting England as ambassador to the court of Spain, to the Rev. Thomas Bigsby, A.M. of Stanton Manor, Derbyshire, who had, in the preceding year, married the Hon. Frances Stanhope, widow, his lordship's step-mother. In 1812, that gentleman having ruptured a considerable blood-vessel, in anticipation of approaching death, gave it as a token of affection to his youngest brother, Robert Bigsby, Esq. of Sion-hill House, Nottinghamshire, the father of him who has the distinguished honour of presenting it to his majesty."

Of all the illustrious names which throw such splendour on the reign of Elizabeth, that of Sir Francis Drake stands pre-eminent. Whether we regard his undaunted courage and great nautical skill as the first English circumnavigator,—his fortitude and persevering industry, whereby he performed such brilliant naval achievements, acquired immense wealth, and ennobled his country,—or the vast extension of commerce produced by the important discoveries made during his indefatigable career of glory,—his character, for all that can exalt the hero and intrepid commander, is so firmly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen, that time can never tarnish his justly acquired laurels. It must be an object of national interest to preserve even the most inconsiderable relic, as a memorial of one who, by divine favour, was enabled to confer such permanent advantages on the state (for it must be remembered that he was the author of our commerce in the East as well as the West), and a very high degree of estimation must be therefore due to those distinctive records of his exalted skill and enterprise, which are presented in his various astronomical tables and instruments. Such apparatus, besides being peculiarly characteristic of the genius and pursuits of the renowned individual to whom they formerly belonged, are valuable, also, as affording interesting *data* of a bygone state of science: and a prouder evidence of their importance, as objects of national esteem, cannot be adduced, than is derivable from the honourable station assigned to them by his majesty in Greenwich Hospital, where they will be transmitted to posterity as an everlasting monument of the fame of Sir Francis Drake, rendered yet more interesting and valuable to the public, as the gracious and appropriate gift of King William the Fourth.

#### THE DESCRIPTIVE !

How luckless is the descriptive writer whose pages fall into the hands of the unimaginative! The happy phrase, "picture to your imagination," may in vain appeal to those who literally expect that they shall be made to understand without mental exertion. A scene is in my recollection, which the hope of enlisting that sympathetic vision, enabling the reader to become the companion of the traveller, induces me to describe; merely premising that, should I prove perfectly unintelligible, a result not at all improbable, I trust those who peruse this sketch will be kind enough to believe, that the fault rests with themselves—not with the narrator. We are in the little island of Ascension—Fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea;

and deeply set in a mountain range, the extreme height of which rises to nearly twice this elevation, is a vast circular hollow, doubtless the now barren womb of an ancient crater. So much being evident to the most superficial observer, we may easily guess the appellation that has been assigned to it. Never was there such a formation on island or continent, inland or coastward, but it was entitled and called, "The Devil's Punch-bowl." Now, just fancy this thirsty gentleman's punch *brûlée* boiling over, and flowing down the side of the aforesaid bowl even unto the sea; thus wasting no small drop of the *crater*. Again, paint to your imagination—in water-colours, of course—a huge water-spout, one of Nature's journeymen, wandering about out of employ, ready for a job, no matter what. Well, over the sea it comes like a Corinthian column, with an over-proportioned capital, or a Brodignac cauliflower with an elongated stalk. "Hey day," said the genius of the water-spout: "what! another of the devil's punch-bowls? Here goes, to water his grog for his misdeeds." And with this pertinent, or rather impudent remark, down came the flood like a thundering avalanche—splash, dash, hiss, and bubble, generating more steam than would supply all the locomotive engines of all the railroads in the world for twenty years. In a second, the lava-bed was fairly blown up, and rocks and cinder-hills scattered in every direction. Yes! here was "the devil to pay," and no wonder, for the loss of his tipple. However, as the water-spout, not finding more mischief to do, went off in the vapours, and the Old Gentleman was speedily burnt out in that quarter, it is supposed they never came to a proper settlement. This I take to be about the occasion of the vast ravine I shall attempt to describe; though, to be sure, the career of a few tropical torrents, since this primary cause, may have some slight sprinkling to do with the appearance presented, seeing that sailors declare of such showers, three drops go to a bucket-full. But it is now time to examine the effect produced by all this convulsion. If you please, then, we will descend by the irregular superficies of an almost perpendicular wall, composed of scoria, which, commencing some hundred feet from the edge of the Punch-bowl, introduces us to the higher extreme of an inclined plane, running nearly a mile in a direct course to the sea. I have taken the liberty of calling this formation an inclined plane, as thus it might have been when the surface of the devil's superfluous punch had just cooled, and before the water-spout paid its unceremonious visit: but now, never was inclined plane so little inclined to plain; for the whole course is strown with immense blocks of lava, many tons in weight, among which we must wind our way carefully, lest the smaller portions of obsidian wound our feet, the path we tread being, apparently, composed of broken wine-bottles. Where the detached masses, sometimes towering above our heads, allow us to gaze on either side of the gorge we are descending, on one hand, we behold black continuous heights of unvarying hue; while, on the other, the lava crags, assuming divers tints of red or gray, mingled with more murky shades, are rent unto fantastic forms, giving to view smaller and more precipitous gullies: these bear on their cindery beds mighty rocks, which appear so loosely poised, that they remind us of ships ready to launch from their slips; and we almost momentarily expect them to thunder down, and join their monster brethren in the larger ravine. Rather unpleasant to be in the anticipation of such an event; so, if you please, we will get out of this

scene, together with its description, as soon as possible.

R. J.

### VARIETIES.

*Weather-Wisdom.*—Our prophet was not sterling for the last week. The 4th had no thunder-showers; the 6th was not changeable; and the 8th, instead of being warm and pleasant, was most unseasonably cold. Lieut. Morrison, however, says (and it will be amusing, at least, to compare him with the annexed from Mr. Murphy), "10th, warm, high wind, or rain and general thunder storms. 11th brings sudden showers: these will be frequent towards the middle. A change on the 15th. Cool rains, very gloomy—long low clouds about."

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

"London, 6th June, 1837.

"Sir,—Availing myself of the suggestion you were so good to throw out in acknowledging the receipt of my note of the 1st instant, in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, viz. that if any more of my calculations, as connected with approaching changes of the weather, were sent to you, they would be attended to, I take the liberty to enclose herewith a *Weather Table* for the present month. It is, as the former, founded on calculations connected with the assumed influence on the weather, exercised by the meteoric action of the moon; and will give you an opportunity of judging as to the degree of credit to which these principles of calculation are entitled: the indications of the weather marked in this table are only intended as points of approximation, or mean results. And, as I am not acquainted with the indications of the weather put forward by M. Arago, or Lieut. Morrison, so frequently noticed in the columns of your journal; and that I am totally ignorant of the principles of calculation resorted to by them, I shall not, I trust, be accused of plagiarism by either of those gentlemen, in the event of any conformity—a circumstance I much doubt of—appearing between their predictions and mine.—I have the honour to be, &c. P. MURPHY." [We have only copied from the present date, as, though written before, the preceding nine days would now be posthumous.—Ed.]

*Weather Table for June 1837, by P. M.*

Days.	Weather.	Days.	Weather.
10.	Fair.	21.	Rain.
11.	Cloudy.	22.	Fair.
12.	Changeable.	23.	Changeable.
13.	Rain.	24.	Fair.
14.	Rain, and probably a gale, or thunder.	25.	Rain.
15.	Fair.	26.	Rain.
16.	Rain.	27.	Rain, and probably thunder.
17.	Changeable.	28.	Rain.
18.	Rain.	29.	Changeable.
19.	Changeable.	30.	Rain.

*Historical Engravings.*—Many of our readers are aware that a very extraordinary collection of engravings were in the possession of Mrs. Sutherland, of Merrow, Surrey, which we now learn from the *Oxford Herald*, has been presented to the Bodleian Library of Oxford. We read that, "In the convocation holden on Thursday last, the University seal was affixed to a letter of thanks to Mrs. Sutherland, for her munificent donation of 18,700 prints and drawings, being an illustration of Clarendon's and Burnet's Histories, in 61 volumes, to be placed in the Bodleian Library."

*The Stadium.*—On Thursday, there was a day *fête* given by Baron Berenger, at Cremorne House, being the first of the season since the improvements of the garden. The beautiful site of these grounds, on the banks of the Thames, and the admirable manner in which they are laid out, render them very popular and attractive: on this occasion they were well filled. One performer, who was to walk through fire, made a complete Moloch of the business, and gave the visitors a hearty laugh. In all else the entertainment went off capitally.

*The Hippodrome.*—The sports of the Hippodrome, on Saturday last, went off with great *éclat*. The day was very auspicious, and the spacious grounds, animated with company, and commanding fine views all around, presented

a gladdening scene. The races and steeple-chases were well contested; and the latter, in particular, seemed, from their novelty to most of the spectators, to create a great deal of interest. To the honour of Mr. Whyte, the proprietor, be it stated, that neither gambling-booth or sale of spirits were permitted, though he was tempted by large offers to allow both trades to be exercised; meaning the place for manly sport and healthful recreations to all classes of our crowded metropolis, he could not adopt a principle which would entitle him to higher patronage and encouragement.

*The Ascot Cup* of this year deserves notice in our columns, among the most elegant productions of art, perhaps, ever designed for a similar purpose, and one which we owe to the fine taste of Count D'Orsay, who made the original drawing for it. It consists of two centaurs, side by side, but turned in opposite directions, admirably sculptured, and supporting a beautifully shaped shallow vase, to hold flowers or fruits, for the centre of a table. Even Lord Westminster, with all his wealth, must be esteemed fortunate in winning such a prize—certainly the most appropriate and classical that has rewarded the victor in any English race.

*Sir Graves Haughton.*—It is always with pleasure we notice literary or scientific honours bestowed by foreign nations upon our distinguished countrymen; and, therefore, the election of Sir Graves Haughton to be a corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, finds a welcome record in the *Literary Gazette*.

*The Printers' Pension Society.*—The last report of this Society, we are glad to say, marks its progressive improvement in means, and consequent extension of ways, in which to make its benevolence valuable to the deserving objects whose sufferings it was formed to alleviate. The committee have sent us notice of their aquatic excursion, for the benefit of the funds, on Monday, when we trust that fine weather, and crowds of friends, will attend their charitable effort.

*Ashmolean Society, May 22.*—At this meeting the secretary read a paper, written by the late Mr. Titby, which gave an account of an Arabic translation of the conics of Apollonius, prefaced by two treatises; one on methods of drawing the conic sections, translated from Clavius; the other, on a property of triangles, by Binos Mousa. The diagrams of the MSS. were frequently wanting, or incorrect. The terms for the different lines are literally translated from the Greek, with the single exception of focus, with the important properties of which Apollonius was very imperfectly acquainted. The paper concluded with recommending the publication of scientific works in Arabic, as a means of increasing the knowledge of the people of India. Dr. Daubeny then gave an account of, and exhibited, an instrument which he has invented, for the purpose of bringing up water from great depths.—*Oxford Herald*.

### TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

On the reception given to his name, by the House of Commons, on a recent occasion.

Patriarch of England's health-inspiring song!  
Pour'd in these latter days along the waste  
Of mind, with many a noxious growth defaced,  
That genius hath upreard with magic strong,  
Tho' baleful!—whether, couch'd amid the throng  
Of wrecks that Tiber leaves, thy harp be braced  
To strains of might, whereof renown shall haste  
To claim the burden; or more wrapt among  
The desolate cities disomblow'd thou roam:  
Where'er thy haunt, may rumour reach thee now,  
Charged with no vague or dissonant acclaim  
Of thy land's sons in sense, while thy name  
Passed from the eloquent lips: a shout from home,  
Hailing the deathless wreath late lifted to thy brow.

Song.\*  
Oh! who can Fortune's motions tell?  
Who her varying ways relate?  
Who can her many changes count?  
Or who foretell his sorrow's fate?  
Thus, while stern sorrows o'er us frown,  
And dire misfortune bid us mourn,—  
While armies of contending foes,  
Combined, expose to scoffs and scorn;  
As fickle Fortune oftentimes shews,  
Joys turn to sorrows, friends to foes,  
Those sorrows following joys dispel;  
Misfortune but precedes success;  
Foes, scoffs, and scorn, are only given,  
To pave the path for happiness.  
Then those who labour most 'neath pains,—  
Misfortunes baffling all they sought,—  
Should not despair: there still remains,  
When all else fails, this cheering thought,—  
Uncertain Fortune oftentimes bends  
Scorn into love, foes into friends.

Yorkshire. E. S.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

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### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 1	From 42 to 63	2945 to 2948
Friday ... 2	... 38 .. 60	2949 .. 2943
Saturday .. 3	... 39 .. 63	2940-2940
Sunday .. 4	... 28 .. 66	3001 stationary
Monday .. 5	... 39 .. 73	3007 .. 3040
Tuesday .. 6	... 41 .. 69	3008 .. 3007
Wednesday 7	... 30 .. 61	3010 .. 3007

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Except the mornings of the 1st and 3d, and the evenings of the 5th, when rain fell, generally clear; lightning and distant thunder in the East and South on the evening of the 5th.

Rain fallen 535 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent informs us that our quotation respecting early rising, from an American journal (see last *Met. Gaz.*), is only altered a little from a passage which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

ERATA.—In our last No. page 355, col. 1, line 60, for "ghost's" read "ghosts."—Same page and column, line 67, for "head," read "hand."

\* Written by a lad of sixteen, and in a five-act play. We insert it, agreeably to request, as an encouragement to early talent.—Ed. L. G.

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Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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